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HUMAN VIVISECTION
OF
SIR WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP
THE FIRST AND WORLD-EMINENT
MIND-READER.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE
Washington



Founded 1836

U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare
Public Health Service

A MOTHER'S LIFE DEDICATED.

AND

AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

To

ALL BROTHER MASONS AND THE GENEROUS PUBLIC.

A

SYNOPSIS OF THE BUTCHERY

OF THE LATE

SIR WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP

(K. I. MILLIMILLI. N. I. LA VI)

A MOST WORTHY MASON OF THE THIRTY-SECOND DEGREE,
THE MIND READER, AND PHILANTHROPIST.

BY

ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP,
HIS BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.:
SELDEN & MARION, PRINTERS, 501 LOCUST ST.
1889.

Recd 1889 June 4

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Mon Mar

Gratefully Dedicated to the

UNCORRUPTABLE GRAND JURY OF NEW YORK CITY,

FOR THEIR HAVING INDICTED THE

"JACK-THE-RIPPERS," OF AMERICA,

DOCTORS IRWIN, FERGUSON AND HANCE.

1889-

in June

ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP,

SOLE AUTHOR AND PROPRIETOR.

c/o

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Dr H. V. Ganpp

833. Dekalb Avenue

Brooklyn

New York

America -

AN APPEAL TO ALL BROTHER MASONS AND A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

FRIENDS OF JUSTICE !—In my dark despair, anguish and desolation, and being the daughter, widow, sister and mother of a Mason, I appeal to you, not only for myself, but for yourselves and your dear ones, whom I hope to save, through my courage, from a cruel and unparalleled butchery like unto my own and only son, Sir Washington Irving Bishop, who at the time of his death was a Mason of the highest standing, and belonged to the following, and many more lodges and orders: He was a most worthy Mason of the 32d degree; a Companion of the Supreme Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Scotland, No. 83, Edinburgh; also, Mark Master Lodge, held in St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Royal Arch Chapter No. 83. Brother W. Irving Bishop was admitted Mark Master 5th of February, 1879; was duly entered an Apprentice, passed Fellow Craft, and raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason in the Lodge of Edinburgh (Mary Chapel) holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, No. 1. Date of registry, 29th of January, 1879, and of Light 5883. Also, entered Knights Templar, the Priory of the Lothians, on the registry of the Grand Conclave of Scotland, No. 1, Edinburgh; and belonged to the Holy Cross Sanctuary, R. H. S., and Commandery

of St. John, No. 1. He was a Sir Knight of the Red Cross of Constantine, Grand Imperial Council of Scotland, and Knight of the Red Cross of Rome and Constantine. He was also advanced to the degree of H. R. M. of K. L. W. N. G., and promoted to that of R. S. Y. C. S., in the Provincial Grand Lodge of the Royal Order of Scotland, and other lodges. He had honors and titles from all the crowned heads throughout the world. The following are only a few of the many received.

His R. Highness, King Kalakaua, gave my son the title of *Kamilimilianalani*; translated means "The favorite child of the heavens."

COPIE.

Au nom de Dieu Tous Puissant et Miseracordieux.

En consideration des excellents rapports d'amitie qui existent entre les deux Puissances la Perse et les Etats Unis de l'Amerique et voulant donner une marque de Notre Haute, Bienveillance a Monsieur Washington Irving Bishop. Nous lui conferons par les presentes notre order du Lion et du Soleil de la troisieme classe afin quil parte avec l'honneur et la gloire.

Tranduction de Mirza Ali, 1^r Secretaire de la Leigation.

{
Scean
de la Mission
de S. M.
le Shap de
Perse
St. Petersburg
}

Te soussigne Guillaume King, Notaire public et jure pour les affaires 'etrangeres et celles de la Bourse certifie que ce qui precede est une copie correcte et exacte de l'originale prduit devant moi. En foi de quoi mai signature et le scean de mon office, St. Petersburg, le 9 Janvier, 1886.

GUILLAUME KING,
Not. Publ. adint.



MAISON
DE
S. M. LE ROI.
—:0:—

Rucarest ce 3-15, Avril 1886.

Monsieur.

S. M. Le Roi, mon Auguste Noitre, daignant vous donner un temoignage de Sa haute bienveillance a bien voulu vous confirer la crocx d'officier de Son ordre Royal de la Couronne de Roumanie et m'a charge' de vous en fairs parvenir les insignes avec le brevet.

En vous felicitant de cette haute distinction je saisis cette occasion pour vous offrir Monsieur, les assurances de ma consideration tres distinguee.

Le Prefet du Palais,

Aide-de-Camp-General,

T. GRECIAUO.

Monsieur,

Monsieur Washington Irving Bishop.

CAROL I,

*Prin gratia lui Dumnezeu si vointa natională,
Rege al Romaniei,
Tuturor de faciă si viitori, Sănătate.*

*Asupra raportului Ministrului Nostru Secretar
de Stat la Departamentul Afacerilor Străine sub No.
4.819|86,*

Am decretat si decretăm :

*Art. I. Conferim Crucea de Oficer a Ordinului
„Coro'na României“ P^{lui} Washington Irving Bishop.*

*Art. II. Ministrul Nostru Secretar de Stat la de-
partamentul Afacerilor Străine este însărcinat cu esecu-
tarea acestui Decret.*

Dat in Bucuresci, la 3 Aprilie 1886.

(Semnat) Carol.

Ministrul Afacerilor Străine,

Cancelar al Ordinilor

(Semnat) M. Pherckye.



*Pentru copieă conformă cu Decretul original :
Secretarul General.
al Departamentului Afacerilor Străine.*

(No. 1203)

O. Uomede.



Во С. Петербургъ
21. Декабря 1884.

№ 551

Визитовое

Дано из Американскому
гражданину Вашингтону
Урбану Диллису, в томо,
что данной имо. М. Колебе
сего года, во Высочайшемъ
присутствии во Тавричскомъ
Дворѣ, сеансѣ градаварне
мѣсяцѣ удостовѣе Бело-
каймова подарка /сатолке
запартки со градоутиномъ
каменномъ /

Во удостовѣе. Готмаршала Фридрихъ-Вильгельмъ
Куръ-Даннелъ



Данно производимо (завершено)

ОБЩЕСТВО СПАСЕНИЯ НА ВОДАХЪ

ВЫСОЧАЙШЕ

УТВЕРЖДЕННОЕ

1871



СОСТОЯЩЕЕ

ПОД ВЫСОЧАЙШИМЪ ПОКРОВИТЕЛЬСТВОМЪ

СА ИМПЕРАТОРСКАГО ВЕЩЕСТВА

ГОСУДАРНИ ИМПЕРАТРИЦЫ

Дипломъ

наградою чина и присвоеннаго Чинами Общества
серебрянаго знака. Выданъ на основаніи
Устава Общества Американскаго Трансатлантическаго
Вашингтону Ирвину Уиллсону въ виду при
нятого имъ на себя обязательства производить еже
годныя установленныя взносы Общества въносъ



издано въ 1-й разъ 1871 года

№ 1000

По кн. Дипломъ.

Покровительница Общества *Мария*

Председатель Общества *В. Г. Грохневъ*

Секретарь Общества *А. Г. Грохневъ*

KALAKAUA

KING OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

—:O:—

To all who shall see these presents—Greeting :

Know ye, *that*

We have appointed and Commissioned, and by these presents we Appoint and Commission

Washington Irving Bishop

to be an

Officer

of Our Royal Order of "KAPIOLANI," to exercise and enjoy all the Rights, Pre-eminences and Privileges to the same of right appertaining, and to wear the Insignia as by Decree created.

In Testimony Whereof, *We have caused these Letters to be made Patent and the Seal of the Order to be hereunto affixed.*



Given under Our Hand, at our Palace, in Honolulu, this Ninth day of July, in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty.

Kalakaua, Rex.

By the King,

The Chancellor of the Royal Order of Kapiolani.

Curtis P. Iankea.

HISTORY OF THE CASE.

The case is as follows : My beloved and devoted son was born in New York City, at 991 Broadway (now 1147) opposite Victoria hotel, on March 4, 1856. He was also the only son of the late Nathaniel C. Bishop, to whom I was married by the Rev. Dr. H. H. Taylor, in Grace Church, corner of Tenth Street and Broadway, New York City, on the evening of the 7th of September, 1854—upon which occasion I was presented with my ungrateful step-daughter, Sarah C. Bishop, now the wife of Joseph S. Lockwood, a banker of San Antonio, Texas, the son of Isaac Lockwood, a carriage builder in Harlem, New York.

My angel boy justly merits the title of being "The first, and most wonderful mind-reader and philanthropist in the world," and "*Favorite Child of the Heavens*," which his life will reveal—a history of which I am writing, and which will soon be complete and ready for publication.

My darling made several fortunes, which he gave away in aid of Masonic, public and private charities. He created the Fruit and Flower Mission for the Sick ; and assisted his brother Masons, and the professionals, wherever he found them in distress. He also provided for me ; but since his death, circumstances over which *fate ruled* have swept everything away, and I have been compelled to sell my home, since I buried my idol. While I was absent in New York City my

house was robbed of over \$30,000 worth of property, and I am now left penniless and alone, depending upon the generosity of a few kind friends—who have large families and expenses of their own, and consequently they can not afford to aid me as their noble hearts would dictate.

X I purchased No. 2137 ~~Über~~ Place, Philadelphia, about one year ago, and established a college—where the recent purchaser (who is a brother Mason) kindly permits me to reside, until I am enabled to again earn my living, which I am very anxious to do. The trials pending in this city and New York, caused through the brutal butchery of my devoted son, will compel me to make frequent trips to New York, Boston, Chicago and Washington; therefore I must employ teachers to take my place, during my absence, or I shall lose my pupils. May I appeal to you all to help me support my college, retain competent counsel, and provide for me during said approaching trials? The sad and heart-rending case you may have read in the public journals last May, 1889. However, permit me to give you a slight synopsis, as it is too painful for me to dwell at length upon the case.

My angel boy had just returned from a successful tour around the world, laden with laurels and honors, and in *perfect health*—as the letter of my physician, Dr. Joseph Hancock, Columbia Avenue and 17th Street, Philadelphia (which is published in this pamphlet), will prove. My darling kissed me good-bye on the evening of the 11th of May, and took with him over four thousand dollars, and a large quantity of diamond jewelry belonging to me, among which was a celebrated cameo with Mary Queen of Scots' head carved upon it, surrounded with diamonds, which was once

Lost my home 2137—Thoug^t the disbarred lawyer, Samuel H. Randall & now am homeless & penniless.

the "mascot" of the peerless Empress Eugenie of France. They were sold with the crown jewels, and were purchased by my devoted son—they were his last present to me. The jewels my son was taking to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., to be marked, and the money to be invested. I have never seen the money since, nor any of the jewels, except a few that are now in the Superior Court safe. I am informed the Lamb's Club took charge of them. The Lamb's Club (so I am told) sent my son's suit, after they had stripped him naked, to the cleaners: then the cleaners sent the suit back to the Lamb's Club, after which they sent it to the undertaker, Mr. Hawks, No. 8 Sixth Avenue. Lo and behold! Mr. Hawks and his assistant discovered four new one-hundred-dollar bills, a photograph and a gold collar button in the vest pocket. Can my readers solve that problem? The said four hundred dollars the undertaker put in the Greenwich Bank, corner Sixth Avenue and Waverly Place, New York, towards paying himself for the funeral—which exceeded the said four hundred dollars. I am also indebted to Grace Church Choir, and to the Rev. Dr. Huntington, for their kind services at the funeral of my only child, Sir Washington Irving Bishop—all of which I am anxious to pay.

My dear son arrived at the Hoffman House, in New York City, at midnight on the 11th of May, where he invited the assistant district attorney to dine with him on the 12th, and my son was invited the same evening, by Sidney Drew (son of Mrs. John Drew, of Philadelphia), and Henry E. Dixey, to go with them to the Lamb's Club, which *fatal invitation* he accepted. While there he became exhausted in entertaining the said Club members, and fell back into one of his *usual*

trances, and was undressed and put in bed. His clothing, jewels and money the members refused to give me, notwithstanding that I proved to them, *beyond a doubt*, that I was the *only person entitled to receive the said property*. They would not deliver the valuables to me ; but kept them for months, until they were compelled to place the remnants in care of the Superior Court clerk, where they *now* are, (except the \$4000,) for the judge and jury to decide ownership. Alas ! if the members of said Lamb's Club had only *had* humanity enough in their hearts to have kept my poor *unconscious* boy a *few short hours*, after he became insensible (through entertaining them), until I could have been sent for, (only two hours and ten minutes ride from him) he would now have been alive to comfort and support me in my declining years. I would gladly give them ALL my EARTHLY possessions, in exchange for my boy—dead or unconscious. But *no* ! the heartless members of said Lamb's Club turned out my darling, after torturing him with a powerful electric battery and watching his poor limbs draw up and down, until weary of that amusement or experiment, and then sent for an undertaker, who put him *naked* into a removal box and then sent him away *alone*. The undertaker says that he was about eight minutes driving to No. 8 Sixth Avenue, from No. 34 West Twenty-sixth Street.

The brutal doctors—or as the *New York World* has lately *justly named one* of them “Jack-the-Ripper”—Irwin, Ferguson and Hance, followed immediately, and my insensible child was thrown upon a *cooling board*. One of the doctors (I am informed) told the others to watch my son's eyes to “see if they moved,” while Dr. Frank Ferguson (the “Jack-the-Ripper” of

America) *ripped my angel boy open, and took out his heart, and sawed his beautiful fair brow and head into two pieces, took out his wonderful brain, and then the butchery of my only child was accomplished*—in less than three hours after he fell into the last trance. (Other particulars, which are too agonizing for me to write, will be revealed at the trial.) The tender and devoted heart, *that worshipped his mother, and loved all the world*, was cut up into pieces, and nearly half of his organs stolen, by Irwin, Ferguson and Hance, who performed the *unauthorized* autopsy upon my noble boy.

On May 13th (at 4 P. M.) I received a telegram stating that my son was dangerously ill at the Hoffman House. I started for New York on the next train. So great was my anxiety that *I, too, fell into a trance in the car, and was attended by a kind physician*, who happened to be on the train. Had Frank Ferguson been there, instead of the *gentle doctor*, in all probability I would be where poor young Frederick Doty, and my own son, are to-day—*carved up and in my tomb*.

I arrived at the Hoffman House, attended by my beloved friend and secretary, Miss Helene A. Milliman, about 8 P. M., and was abruptly informed by the servant at the ladies' entrance, that "Washington Irving Bishop died at 12 o'clock that day." The blow nearly killed me, and I believe it would, had not ex-President Cleveland's law partner told me that "my son had been taken to the Lamb's Club," "and the servant," said he, "was mistaken; that my son was *not dead*, but had been removed by his friends to the club." Ex-President Cleveland's partner ordered a carriage for us, and we were driven to the said Lamb's

•

Club, and was sent from there to another club, and another, vainly searching for my *supposed sick son*, who at the same time was in an ice box at the undertaker's, *alone*, cruelly cut up into pieces (in fact, only half of my darling) since 3 o'clock P. M.

Finally, we were driven back to the Hoffman House, and assigned a suite of rooms. And here permit me to offer my deepest gratitude to Mr. Edward Stokes, the owner and proprietor of the Hoffman, for all the kindness he extended to myself and friends during our sojourn in his hospitable hotel; and although deeply indebted to him, he has never demanded the bill I owe him for the weeks we remained at the Hoffman. He also offered his parlors for the funeral to be held in, of my beloved boy—his friend.

I pleaded to be taken to my suffering child, but all in vain. Finally, Messrs. Ritchie and Thomas, who were to have been his manager and advance agent, called at midnight and informed me "I could not go to my son, as they had just left him and he was too ill, and the physicians were doing all in their power for him; they would take me to see him in the morning." Alas! I was motherless, fatherless, brotherless, a widow, and childless—but I did not know he was dead. I went on my knees, and implored them to take me immediately to my boy, and told them that I felt sure his mother's kisses and tender care would restore and soothe him. I forbade them to allow any person to use electricity, ice, or the lance, as he had a horror of all such things. Both Ritchie and Thomas *promised me faithfully* that "*nothing of the kind should touch him.*"

After a night of fearful agony and anxiety, morning came, and with it the daily journals, which were

read to me, giving a full account of the death of my butchered idol. I was taken to see him. Words are inadequate to express my feelings. Those who love their dear ones can alone realize the depth of my intense sufferings then, as I gazed stupefied with grief upon that beautiful, angelic face, covered with glass, so that I could not even kiss his pure, pale lips—lips which had but two days before said: “Good-bye, dearest and best of mothers; I will return just as soon as I have signed papers with Messrs. Jules Levy, Ritchie and Thomas. Take care of yourself, for my sake. You are my only comfort, and I have come home to make your life one of sunshine.” Pressing me to his bosom and kissing me again and again, his tears mingled with mine, as we spoke of the artful, intrigueing and unfaithful bride, whom he had made arrangements to divorce from him on his return from New York. He took out of his pocket-book, and showed me, the last *Easter* letter I had sent him, and said, “Mater, darling, there is the beautiful white azalea you sent me. I keep it next to my life-guard, (meaning a *paper* which forbade an autopsy being performed upon him, and that neither ice nor electricity should be applied to his body; also, to send for his mother and his lawyers—Messrs. Robert Ingersoll, S. C. Campbell and ~~W. H. Ransom~~—in case of his going into a trance). The addresses of each were in said letter. I am informed that the said letter was taken from my son, during his trance, by Dr. Irwin, and destroyed by him before performing the autopsy; and I believe that he substituted another paper at the Coroner’s inquest for the destroyed one.

Alas! that was our last farewell in this world. I did not know that there had been an autopsy upon

my darling. It was discovered by the person who arranged his hair, when the small shell comb fell from their fingers, into his empty skull. Oh! in the name of our Master on High! I implore you to *help me punish the inhuman butchers*—Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and Hance—who carved up my dear one *while alive*, without even asking permission or notifying myself or the Coroner of his *trance*. And especially Dr. Irwin, for taking from my unconscious son the papers strictly forbidding his body to be touched, and to send for his mother and friends. Even if my dear boy had been dead, do not our children belong to us, *dead or alive*? Where is the law which permits doctors to carve up our darlings, and steal their organs? Can they not be compelled to return all they have stolen, or suffer the consequences? Which of my readers would calmly submit to seeing their favorite and only son cut into pieces, as mine has been? And yet this is called the “Glorious Land of Freedom, Justice and Equality!”

The Coroner’s jury unjustly acquitted the butchers, but the District Attorney (Honorable John R. Fellows) sent the case to the Grand Jury, where I, after great difficulty and perseverance, gained admission, and through my testimony had the doctors indicted; and Honorable Judge Cowing held them to bail. One of the butchers (Ferguson) went over to Europe. Believe me! as long as such brutes go unpunished, neither you nor the public are safe from murderous knives. I deem it unjust to admit such beings to bail. They are monsters, in the form of men! Behold the contrast! If a poor man steals a loaf of bread, to feed his starving child, he is sent to prison; but the brutes who illegally and unauthorized carved up my only child, *while in a trance*, and stole

half of his sacred remains, are allowed to take a pleasure trip to Europe.

Will you submit to such laws? Will you let these inhuman butchers go free? Will you and the legislature help me to still further enforce the law which will protect you and the public, and thereby prevent a repetition of such a crime—which cannot be surpassed, even by the inquisitions of the dark ages? I ask in the name of other poor mothers, whose insensible sons may come under the doctors' knives, and who may not have the courage I have to demand justice. It is for their sakes and yours I now offer my life, if need be, to free this grand and noble Republic of such monsters, or at least to secure their punishment and to prevent a repetition of like autopsies.

In slavery's darkest hour, the master would give to his slave his dead son, and help to give him a Christian burial. Alas! my son was taken from me, and nearly half his vital parts stolen by said so-called doctors; and then they hid their infamous work in an undertaker's black ice box for me, his mother, to find as fate decreed.

Even if the butchers of my angel be doomed to the gallows (which should be their fate), it would not restore to me my boy. But, if you will only help me, we can make a lasting example of these "doctors." I will then have the consolation, at least, as I weep over the grave which holds but half of my darling, that he has been martyred for the good of mankind—and that my irreparable loss is the world's gain. If you do not help me, may God have mercy upon me! As I feel now, *justice I will have*, no matter at what cost! My life is useless, and this beautiful world a tomb, since my idolized child, the light of my soul, is no more.

Oh! think of my sad and lonely condition, *you* who have your dear ones to fold to your bosom. Pardon, and do not deem me egotistical, if I now refer to a few of the many acts of generosity in my past life. Even my poor butchered boy's grave is surrounded by graves I have filled with strangers, whose sad histories are held by me as sacred as the graves wherein they now rest. In fifteen years I have buried, at my own expense, thirty-eight strangers, and attended to the wants of the dear ones they left behind.

During the late rebellion I spent my own private fortune in aid of the suffering and brave sailors, soldiers and bereaved ones in the North and South. My beloved brother and brothers-in-law were among the first to respond to the call to protect this country, and sacrificed their health and lives. My brother-in-law, the late Captain Artemas Tyrrell Fletcher, of San Francisco, Cal., and president of the New York Board of Underwriters, commanded the steamer *Baltic*, and was among the first to go to the reinforcement of Major Robert Anderson, at Fort Sumter, and brought him in safety from the fort in company with the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Capt. Fletcher afterward commanded the U. S. P. S. S. *Constitution*, and took out the New York Zouaves, commanded by the brave and lamented Col. Ellsworth, to Alexandria. The late Captain Isaac Alexander Pennell, another brother-in-law, commanded the gunboats *Ethan Allen* and *Queen*. My brother, Sir Emanuel Richardson Davison, also sacrificed his life and left his motherless boy (Clarence Stevens Davison, of Tarrytown, Westchester County, New York) an orphan. We have never asked for pensions or any remuneration, and I refused \$20,000 from Congress.

My constant devotion to the wounded soldiers and sailors, and to suffering humanity, before and since the war, especially during the Westfield explosion; and my exposure of the horrors of Bellevue Hospital, New York City, in 1872, prompted James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, to call me "The True Florence Nightingale of America." While in Bellevue, administering to the burned victims of the rotten boiler explosion of the steamer *Westfield*, I soothed the last hours and closed the eyes in death of the chief cook of the yacht *Dauntless*, owned by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., who was absent from New York at that time, or the poor faithful servant would not have died alone, among strangers, in that pest-house. Since I revealed the horrors of said Bellevue, I believe the patients receive better care, and now, instead of drunken prisoners for nurses, they have, through many of my friends and myself, organized a training school for nurses, who, when competent, attend the poor unfortunates who are compelled to go to Bellevue for treatment, or to die.

It was mainly through my efforts that the passengers were rescued from off the sinking American packet ship *Columbiana*, in 1853; also the lives of those on board Her Imperial Majesty's vessel, the *Frederick*, in mid-ocean. I was then with Captain A. T. Fletcher, commander of the packet ship *Cornelius Grinnell*; at that time we were also given up for lost.

When I was a little child, while crossing the Atlantic, I discovered two boats laden with human beings, and through my endeavors they were rescued. They were British subjects who had abandoned their sinking vessel, the *Lord Dunlap*. Yet I have never solicited any assistance from either the Queen or the President

until now. I pray for aid and help to enable me to get justice, and prevent further outrages.

My son was crowned with laurel by the hands of General Winfield Scott, at the Academy of Music, New York City. General Scott also presented him with a sword for excelling in military tactics, when he was only eight years old. At that time my little boy was captain of the Junior Cadets of New York. He also merited the gold cross of honor (which he refused) when drilled by General O. O. Howard in the State Arsenal, corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, in 1863-4.

My son crowned his godfather's bronze statue, (Washington Irving, of Sunnyside, Westchester Co., N. Y.) when it was unveiled by the Mayor of Brooklyn, in Prospect Park. His godmother is Mrs. Eliza Yates Martin Tibbetts, of Milwaukee, Wis. My son, Washington Irving Bishop, was christened twice: once privately, when very ill, by the late Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church, New York; the second time by the late Rev. Dr. Diller, rector of St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn. (Dr. Diller perished in a burning steamer.)

Dr. Irwin had the audacity to publish in the London *Spectator* that "he had permission from my son's managers, Messrs. Ritchie and Thomas, to perform the autopsy." I pronounce such a statement as *false*, as my son had no manager at the time of his death. Furthermore, I asked Messrs. Ritchie and Thomas if they had ever given permission to any person to perform such an outrage upon my dearly beloved son, and they replied: "No, madame, nor would we have presumed to have given such an order."

in favor of Eliza Martin Tibbetts

LETTER FROM DR. JOSEPH HANCOCK.

The following letter from Dr. Joseph Hancock, north-east corner of Seventeenth Street and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, was published in the *New York Star* :

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 3, 1889.

MRS. ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP.

Dear Madame :—I cannot conceive why your son should have been taken away so suddenly, as I examined him very carefully the day before he left for New York, and I feel free to say that he had no diseased condition at that time to warrant such a sudden termination of life. He was weak from fatigue and overwork, together with travelling, which made him more weak and nervous than he otherwise would have been, but he had no brain, heart, lung, hepatic or kidney affection to cause such a sudden termination in death. And may you succeed in bringing to justice the men that perpetrated the infamous autopsy on your son, before the natural heat had left his body, that you may teach such men that there is a certain respect due fellow-man, even if he is dead, or supposed to be dead, is the wish of

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH HANCOCK.

The Doctors have been Indicted!—Through my perseverance, the Grand Jury of New York have filed in the Court of General Sessions indictments for violation of the Sanitary Code, against Doctors Irwin, Ferguson and Hance, the physicians who made the hasty autopsy on the body of my son Washington Irving Bishop, and they must answer for the butchery.

WHAT WAS THE PAPER.

The New York *World* published a letter from Walter Hubbell, in which one of the doctors is said to have destroyed one of Bishop's private documents. "The inquest into the death of Washington Irving Bishop, held by Coroner Levy this morning, promises to be an interesting event. The Coroner has been deluged with communications alluding to the matter. One was from George Francis Train, who threatens to appear as special advocate for the mother of mind-reader Bishop. Among the communications received by the Coroner was the following from an actor and a member of the Lamb's Club :

NEW YORK, May 22, 1889.

CORONER LEVY. *Dear Sir:*—On May 16th Mr. Louis Aldrich told me, in the presence of several witnesses, that at the Lamb's Club, when the effects were removed from the person of the late Washington Irving Bishop, he saw one of the doctors abstract one of Mr. Bishop's papers and destroy it. By all means summon Mr. Aldrich for examination at the inquest, which I hear is to be held to-morrow.

Yours respectfully,

WALTER HUBBELL.

A New York paper says : Charles Frohman, one of the enterprising brothers, first brought Washington Irving Bishop to the attention of the public. He knew Bishop backward, and when told, on the morning after the fit, that Bishop was very ill and in a trance, said : "Let him alone and he'll be all right by night." But instead of letting him alone, the learned doctors pronounced him dead at 12 o'clock, and then proceeded to carve him up at 3 o'clock.

—TO THE—
 ◀FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF AMERICA▶

MADAME ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP.

HOFFMAN HOUSE, NEW YORK.

To you, dear Madame, grieving the murder of your noble son,
 I cannot any ordinary consolation offer.
 Wisdom refrains from such a mockery to grief;
 Nor can specious words console a stricken mother.
 Seldom, since Niobe knew the strength of Juno's hate,
 Hath the world seen a prouder, tenderer love
 Than the fond mother bore to him, her "child of fate,"
 And held him to the world a heritage of pride.
 Nor surely, since the days of filial Pope,
 Hath loving mother found a more devoted son,
 Who, full of victory, yet wooed by prescient Hope,
 Who still was her "boy," and still adored his mother.
 He moved, the courted wonder of his age;
 Emperors and kings feted him, and vied to do him honor.
 And as his life unrolled, new mysteries on each page,
 The world bowed down in awe, beneath his mighty thrall.
 He soared to heights—a meaner man might not aspire—
 While nature smiled on him, her favorite child;
 And each day saw his gifts a wider range acquire,
 And fools might laugh—but wise men wondered.
 Yet he, the phenomenal wonder of this master age,
 To whom the tributes of its sway and love alike were paid,
 While wrapped in Nature's trance, must know the surgeon's knife.
 A fiend had deemed it wise to use in science's aid.
 Oh! had he lived, might not his mind to better use have turned,
 And poured the light of intellect on the rugged side of life?
 Which, lost, can never be returned below,
 Though "Theban thunder" smite the murderers,
 And justice vindicate the right,

Your loving pupil,

NORMA WEEKS,
 49th Street, New York.

New York, May 24th, 1889.

TO THE STRICKEN MOTHER,
ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP.

My Muse is sad, nor facile is her pen ;
No inspiration now to guide her flight
Along the dizzy crags of beauteous thought,
Where flowers bloom and all is loveliness—
A realm whose only language is to feel
The sympathetic language of the heart ;
Here happy Nature smiles the livelong day,
Hid in the glassy brook, or peeping sly
From out the tangled shrubbery, her face
Besmirched with smiles and laughing seen at best,
Like some bright-eyed, but brighter-spoken child,
Whose innocence adds cunning to her thoughts,
They all according with her giddy ways,
Her careless tresses, and her idle pother.
But for the tears and woe that 'round her circle,
I wonder would my Muse be pinned to earth.

A parting tribute let her pay to thee,
O Irving, chief inspirer of her theme !
On whom the gods, to show their handiwork,
Together wrought harmonious, and stamped
Upon thy brow a rare divinity,
Characterizing thee, *rara avis*—
An individual among the bright,
The lettered—aye, the geniuses of the age ;
And as some tree that dots the plain alone,
So, Irving, thou wast to thy fellow-men.

Accomplished, gifted, youthful—all was thine ;
The undissembled joy contentment brings,
The ties of friendship, and the world's applause ;

Dame Fortune's strewing with her bounteous hand
 Thy pathway decked with flowers' sweet perfume ;
 Philosophy and Music were thy friends,
 So that o'ercome with dullness—social dullness—
 Or one or t'other came to give thee cheer ;
 Or Music came, or else Philosophy.

But answered not the twain the summons call.
 Thou had'st another friend—thy lingual tongue,
 At whose command the ghosts of by-gone days—
 The great, the good, the free—came forth to hold
 Their own with thee in meditative thought—
 Musicians, orators, bards, actors, all :
 Great Shakespeare, with his keen-eyed scrutiny,
 E'er searching deep the human heart for facts ;
 Lord Byron, *en rapport* with Neptune's self ;
 And Thompson's lofty Muse, whose numbers roll
 So sweet along, like ripples in a pool,
 Conveying virtue to the grasping mind ;
 Voltaire and Hugo, like attracting like ;
 Hypatia, Plato, Homer, Socrates ;
 Quick-witted Cicero or firm-mouthed Cæsar ;
 Melodious Wagner, Strauss and Mendelssohn ;
 In hours of blissful meditation these,
 Thy visitants reciprocal, to test
 Thy pow'rs, were hither drawn and spellbound held ;
 Or else in books these great ones penned for thee
 (No shallow mind e'er cared at all to ope),
 Thy sensitiveness ofttimes found its ease.
 Farewell to thee whose knell the silence broke
 From end to end and set the world agog.
 And yet, methinks, I see thee looking down
 From out thy painless resting place on us,
 And hear regards to friends, and then farewell.

'Thou, Eleanor, wipe thy tearful eye ;
 Bind up thy wounds, and be thyself once more.
 If circumstances breathed about thee ills,
 Forbear to grieve away what time remains.
 'The trial to-day 's a lesson for the morrow ;
 'Tis all development and law of life ;

For evil is but undeveloped good.
 The little plant that ne'er experienced
 A shower, that daily in the sunshine basks,
 Is doomed to weaken, droop and fade away.
 How many human flowers neglected die
 Because kind Nature shields them from the storm !
 'Then brighten up, my saddened Muse's friend !
 Old Ocean's spray can wash away thy woes,
 Or drown them in his sublime, awful roar ;
 Dame Nature's love, with thine commingled free,
 Can bring thee nearer to thy precious boy.

Oh ! let my Muse from sadness haste away !
 She longs to touch on Science (knowledge true)
 That reaches out and guides the world along ;
 She hews the tree, she fathoms deep the mine,
 Explores the seas, nor scorns to pluck the herb.
 Acknowledged Science rests on moral law,
 Nor thinks to violate the civil law ;
 Physicians, hold to science and to law ;
 Nor, like the mountebank, from these depart ;
 The body politic long tolerates
 The mountebank who plies a dangerous game ;
 At him acknowledged Science may connive,
 And e'en the civil law may long forbear ;
 But Justice some day will exert herself,
 And then, alas ! for hard-won reputation.
 Who are these worse than mountebanks despised ?
 These doctors (?) great, who know a world of facts—
 Can tell where mind begins, where matter ends ?
 The same who (lawless) on a citizen
 Drew forth their knives and broke a mother's heart ?
 The scalpel ne'er was made for such rude hands
 Without a head to guide the ardent wish.

L. MIRROR KOHN,
Of Philadelphia Ledger.

Philadelphia, August 10th, 1889.

NEWSPAPER COMMENTS.

(From *Pomeroy's Advance Thought*.)

WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP.

WHY THIS OUTRAGE?

The death of Washington Irving Bishop, the noted mind-reader, reveals the humbuggery of certain brands of diplomitized medical science, without the aid of a spy-glass. It also tells of the disregard drunken doctors have of human life. Bishop was a small, nervous, effeminate man, who did well if he weighed one hundred pounds. He was a bundle of nervous system. At the Lamb's Club the genial and gentlemanly drunkards and wine absorbers who surrounded him as their guest, appealed to him for amusement. He used all his power of mind concentration, and in doing so forced nature into a corner, where it had to surrender the use of its functions, till it could gather strength to resume its pace. Bishop went into a hysterical cataleptic fit, and by Dr. Irwin (Heaven preserve his name for the public gaze!) so treated for a time. Then the learned doctor, with his diploma, decided that he would see if Bishop were dead or fooling. The law says twelve hours must elapse after a person is legally reported dead, before any one shall apply a knife to the body, and then only on permission of his next of kin.

Dr. Irwin was drunk, or he was sober, with the help of others. Bishop, dead or in a trance, was laid on a table. By order of Dr. Irwin, one of the frolicsome Lamb's Clubbers, Bishop's head was sawed open, ere three hours had elapsed, his brain was taken out, felt of, and found to be warm. After all this was done, the scientific butchers proceeded to notify the

Board of Health that Washington Irving Bishop was dead! Not being exactly certain, they wished to be sure before notifying the authorities.

This is a sample of what the *elite* do at fashionable clubs.

This is a sample of the cordial welcome a popular New York club gives to strangers.

This is a sample of what a doctor does when he is drunk, or when he decides to insult law, disregard decency, and go in for the gratification of boyish rattle-box curiosity.

This is a sample of the kind, considerate treatment a certain sort of graduated physician gives his personal friends. Persons not his friends treated more radically. Dr. Irwin, and all who had a hand in this outrage, *deserve State Prison*, at the least. Human life is not safe at their hands. Men who are ignorant of, or who defy law, are no better than any other defiers of law.

What splendid examiners such doctors would make for life insurance companies. How valuable would be the opinion of a physician who, when in doubt as to whether a patient be dead or alive, proceeds to saw his head open, take out his brains, and then be kind enough to notify the Health Department that the victim is dead, while the fools live.

Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and Hance, who united to cut Washington Irving Bishop to pieces, while he was in a trance or supposed to be dead, at the Lamb's Club, have been indicted by the Grand Jury, through the mother's perseverance, for knifing him without consent of any of his relations, or before the expiration of the time the laws hold a body sacred from scientists or befuddled experimentors.

Bishop, the mind-reader, was from boyhood subject to trances, that lasted from hours to days and weeks. During their continuance he always appeared as if dead.

As stated in June issue of *Advance Thought*, after a hot night he was worked by the gang for all there was in him. He went into a trance as one dead. When he showed signs of failing, a regular diploma doctor of the good old school, injected him as full of morphine as he could hold, in the astute opinion of the asses who were yanking him. By this time he was said

to be in a trance—or dead. To make sure of it, an electric battery was applied full force to him, till his limbs played like drum sticks in the hands of a drunken man. Then he was shut in a close box, taken to an undertaker's, laid on a table, and, in the interest of science, opened with knives. Wonder is that corkscrews were not used. His head was next sawed open, his brain taken out, pinched and weighed, his chest cut open, heart taken out and listened to, then put back. After all this was done, the skilled doctors declared him dead, and notified the Board of Health to this effect.

It was the general opinion in New York that Bishop was in a trance and alive, when this operation of autopsy was begun. Such was our very positive belief, and so stated. And in time his spirit, that is, the man who passed on, would so inform those remaining in earth-life. A few days since, in this city, at the house of a prominent business man, who is a pronounced spiritualist, a spirit communication was received from Washington Irving Bishop, making the positive statement that he was alive during all this racket over and with his body, till the steel of the operators that cut the flesh and bone, severed the life connection with the physical, so that his spirit passed on. Others may believe this or not, but knowing all the parties as we do, we are satisfied that Washington Irving Bishop did not die a natural death, but passed on as one more victim to ignorance.

Let us see! The butchery of Washington Irving Bishop was done by three of the Old School sheepskin diploma doctors. Had it been done by a Christian scientist, or an eclectic physician, or by a spirit medium, what a howl would have been raised from Church to groggery!

(From the New York Herald.)

HORRIBLE DEATH IN LIFE.

*Washington Irving Bishop may, perhaps, have been Butchered.
—Mr. Atchison Insists on Taking Laymen's Testimony to
Prove his Theory that Bishop was Not Dead.—Dr. Ham-
mond says there is Room for Doubt that Bishop was Dead.*

The death of Washington Irving Bishop, the mind-reader, promises to develop into as great and mysterious a sensation as was his life.

As a matter of fact it will probably never be known whether the man was really dead or not when the doctors dissected him.

Dr. E. C. Spitzka, who is universally conceded to be the greatest authority in this country on the diseases from which Bishop is alleged to have died, told me that the rigidity of the limbs produced by catalepsy could be easily mistaken for rigor mortis; that there is no test by which death can be absolutely established, and that persons in a cataleptic trance, such as Bishop is known to have been in before, have frequently been declared dead. Many cataleptics, in fact, are known to have been buried alive. Other physicians whom I saw corroborated Dr. Spitzka's statement, and all condemned the holding of the autopsy so soon after death, and without the consent of the dead man's relatives. Besides this, it was entirely illegal, even if the man was dead, and the Grand Jury may take a hand in the matter, under section 309 of the Penal Code, which provides:

A person who makes or causes or procures to be made any dissection of the body of a human being, except by authority of law, or in pursuance of a permission given by the deceased, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

No authority is given by law covering the case of Bishop and justifying the doctors in their proceedings. It was clearly a Coroner's case, as the man died within twenty-four hours after Dr. Irwin was called in, and only by the Coroner's orders

could an autopsy have been made without the consent of the mother.

Was he alive?—But the most horrible phase of the case is presented, of course, by the possibility that Bishop may have been alive when he was being cut up, with all his powers of speech and movement paralyzed, but seeing and hearing all that was going on. This shocking possibility is breaking the heart of his poor mother, who believes that her son was only in a trance, and that the doctors killed him. The lady did not learn till the next day that the autopsy had been performed, and since then her sufferings have been pitiful.

“I believe they murdered my poor boy,” she moaned, when I called on her at the Hoffman House. Oh, it was a cruel outrage! and it should have been impossible in a free country like this. My poor, poor boy! If they had only let him alone he would have been all right again in a day or two. I know he would. I have seen him again and again in a condition where everybody said he was dead, but I knew better. Several years ago, a short time before the Tay disaster, when he was utterly prostrated by the work of saving a number of lives, he was *in a trance for three weeks*. But the Scottish surgeons were more merciful than these—they spared him. I sent for these men (these doctors), Irwin, Ferguson and Hance. I wanted them to face me and console me by proving that my darling son was dead, when they mutilated him, but they did not come near me. They did not have the courage to face a woman, of whom they have made a heart broken, childless mother.”

She will have Justice.—“It will kill me, this cruel work, but I will find strength and life enough to bring these men—these butchers—to justice, if there is any to be had. I will sacrifice everything I have got in this world, to punish these heartless doctors. I am an heiress to millions, but the money cannot be reached in time to procure justice for the world and myself. My son had implored me again and again, saying: ‘Mother, do not let any surgeon’s knife touch me after they declare me dead, but make them wait until decomposition has set in.’ I promised faithfully; but these cruel men—took ad-

vantage of my absence to do their fiendish work. My son even carried a card asking that if anything happened to him his body should not be mutilated; but all this availed nothing. My address in Philadelphia was public property, as I was advertised to appear in the opera as *Arline*, in the *Bohemian Girl*, and as *Leonora*, in *Il Trovatore*, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, with my company, and my name was on the bill boards to appear on the 31st of May, (my darling was butchered on the 13th). I had ordered the private box to be decorated for the occasion, in honor of my son—never dreaming that I would be childless on that date. These doctors were afraid to telegraph me for permission to cut him up, for they well knew that I would refuse. It is said that they wanted his brain, so they cut him up through criminal and medical stupidity, without permission. In the name of all who have dear ones who may die away from home, I protest against this barbarous action, and I want you to make this offer for me to any scientific man who is not a friend of these men. Tell him that if he can, by any means, tell whether or not there was life in the body of my darling son when he was cut up, I am willing that he should now take the poor cold form, which is all that is now left of my dear boy, and which I prize beyond anything in this world. It was heartless—heartless! And the thought of what he probably suffered is breaking my heart. I am subject to the same cataleptic trances into which my boy often fell. One can hear and see everything, but speech and movement are paralyzed. It is horrible. For six days, some years ago, I was in a trance and saw arrangements being made for my burial. Only my brother's determined resistance prevented them from embalming me, and I lay there and heard it all. On the seventh day I came to myself, but the agony I endured left its mark. This occurred on the Atlantic Ocean in 1853, on board my brother's vessel, the *Cornelius Grinnell*."

No Positive sign of Death.—Dr. Spitzka, in my interview with him later on, went far to confirm what poor Mrs. E. F. Bishop had told me. "There are numerous authentic instances," said he, "in which persons of a cataleptic constitution have apparently died, but came to life again. So well known

was this fact in the middle ages, based upon the resurrection of persons already buried, or the discovery of persons who had evidently come to life again after burial, that the ordinances were changed to the effect that no person should be buried before three days had elapsed after his supposed death. In many places each body was placed in a vault for some time, and a bell was attached to one of the fingers of the person. There is no positive sign of death. Prize after prize has been offered by medical societies for a positive sign of death, but the prizes are not yet awarded. All the signs thus far known are fallible, and physicians have agreed that the only positive indication is decomposition. Rigor mortis could be mistaken for cataleptic rigidity, and persons have been known to be in a cataleptic trance for thirty days, when absolutely all signs of life were suspended. The breathing stopped, the heart did not beat, and the person was, to all indications, dead. Bishop's catalepsy having evidently been inherited from his mother, made it all the more intense."

TAKING LAYMEN'S TESTIMONY TO PROVE A THEORY.

Coroner Levy, with a jury composed chiefly of dry goods men and jewelers, set out to try to solve the problem of Washington Irving Bishop's death. Court room No. 19, in the City Hall, was used for the hearing. An imposing array of counsel confronted the Coroner. W. Bourke Cochran and E. H. Moeran appeared for Dr. J. A. Irwin who, it is alleged, made the unauthorized autopsy within three hours after he decided that the mind-reader's life was extinct. Nelson W. Waterbury, Jr., appeared for Dr. James Hance, who was called into the case by Dr. Irwin. John Logan guarded the interests of Dr. Frank Ferguson, whom Dr. J. A. Irwin directed to make the autopsy. At the other end of the table sat ex-District Attorney Thomas C. Atchison, ex-Senator E. L. C. Abbett, and ~~ex-Judge Samuel Randall~~, who represented Mrs. E. F. Bishop, the mother of the deceased. Coroner Levy was protected from this legal battery by the slender Assistant District Attorney, Harry Macdona. The mother of the dead mind-reader was present.

"It is claimed," the Coroner told the jury, "that the de-

ceased, at the time of the autopsy, was still alive. It is also claimed that the autopsy was performed without the consent or knowledge of Bishop's relatives, and without the direction of the proper authorities. These questions you will have to consider." Ex-Congressman Cochran was speedily on his feet, and objected to the Coroner going into any matter except to determine the cause of death. Coroner Levy replied that if the forthcoming evidence showed that Bishop was properly a Coroner's case, he should allow the matter of holding the autopsy to be gone into.

Mr. Atchison called Wilton Lackaye, an actor in *Feather-brain*, at the Madison Square Theatre. He said he was at the dinner at the Lambs' Club, No. 34 West Twenty-sixth street, the Sunday night Bishop was stricken down. He described, as has been already related in the *Herald*, the mind-reading feats of Bishop, and the cataleptic attack. He became unconscious at 12:20 Monday afternoon.

Clay Green was next called. His testimony agreed with Lackaye's. "Mr. Green," said Lawyer Atchison, "did Dr. Irwin refuse to allow Dr. Robertson, Bishop's physician, to be called into the case?" "Some one asked who knew Bishop, and I suggested Dr. Robertson," replied the witness. "Didn't you suggest that, as a matter of prudence, Dr. Robertson be called?" "I spoke of Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Irwin said that I could consult with Dr. Robertson about the case, but that he (Irwin) didn't want Robertson associated with him in it, as he was not on speaking terms with him." The witness saw the doctor soon after make an electrical test on the body, to see if life was extinct. One pole of the battery was placed at the back of the neck, and the other over the region of the heart. There was a raising of the chest and a curving of the spine.

Ex-District Attorney Atchison went into this portion of the testimony in great detail, to which ex-Congressman Cochran strenuously objected. "We have no doubt you object to the truth," sharply replied the ex-District Attorney, "but," turning to the Coroner, "I want to get the testimony of laymen, concerning Bishop's condition, in order to submit it to

experts. I want to show that *Bishop was no more dead than either you or I.*"

~~Judge Randall~~ then asked the witness: "Did you see any paper among Bishop's effects requesting that his body be not dissected or interfered with?" "No, sir." "Did you know or hear of Dr. Irwin's taking any papers from Bishop's body?" "Yes, sir, I heard ——" "Never mind what you heard," interjected Mr. Cochran. "Was it Louis Aldrich who told you?" "Yes, sir."

ROOM FOR DOUBT THAT BISHOP WAS DEAD.

Dr. William A. Hammond, of Washington, D. C., says, in speaking of Washington Irving Bishop's death: "A patient dying directly of catalepsy, or of any form of cataleptic or hysterical seizure, is a thing unknown, unless the attack has lasted so long as to cause the patient to die of exhaustion. In view of the statements of Bishop's mother that he was subject to cataleptic attacks, and had previously lain in them more than three weeks at a time, I think there is just possible room for doubt that he was dead. It is sometimes a very difficult thing to determine exactly whether a person is dead or not. There are many cases on record of persons who have been pronounced dead by the most competent physicians, who, after a lapse of a longer period than five hours, have recovered. Some authorities go so far as to say that there is no sign, or group of signs, that are a positive indication of death, except decomposition. The respiration may be suspended, the action of the heart apparently suspended, the sensibility abolished in all parts of the body, the power of motion entirely destroyed, for the time being, and yet resuscitation take place."

OPINION OF LONDON PHYSICIANS.

Two prominent physicians of London, England, who were well acquainted with Washington Irving Bishop, and who had received from New York a detailed account of his presumed death, unhesitatingly expressed their opinion that the autopsy was prematurely performed.

(From New York American Musician.)

The Inquest as to Bishop's Death to be Pushed.

Bishop's Mother is Determined—The Dilemma to be faced by Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and Hance.—Felony or Misdemeanor? —They should be Punished.

DEAR MUSICIAN.—When I wrote a few lines on the sudden death of poor Washington Irving Bishop, I had not heard or read of the horrible circumstances attending the autopsy. Every one who knew Bishop, and certainly the doctors who were attending him, knew that he was subject to cataleptic seizures, which were sometimes of considerable duration. The doctors knew that he fell into a cataleptic state after his performances at the Lambs' Club. The doctors knew that catalepsy simulates death. The doctors knew, also, that the only infallible sign of death is decomposition. Yet, within three hours of the assumed death three doctors—Irwin, Ferguson and Hance—dissected him. According to one account they were in such doubt as to the fact of his death, that the operator requested his colleagues to watch the eyes carefully.

The doctors, I am happy to see, have been arrested and held to bail till an investigation by the Coroner takes place. They are confronted with this dilemma. If he were alive, the dissection killed him, and they are guilty of murder. Or, if he were dead, they are guilty of a misdemeanor in violating the law that prohibits dissections or autopsies without the assent of the dead man's relatives and friends previously obtained. In either case they deserve exemplary punishment, and public opinion demands it.

As regards proof of death, Dr. Carpenter asserts that "a large proportion" of "the signs commonly relied upon by which real is certainly distinguishable from apparent death" are "fallacious," and he concludes that "the most satisfactory

proof" of death "is given by the occurrence of putrefaction." "No reliance," he says, "is to be placed upon the apparent cessation of the heart's action, and of the respiratory movements; since the reduction of these to so low a condition that they are no longer distinguishable is by no means incompatible with the persistence of vitality." In short, it is by no means so easy to demonstrate the occurrence of death as is commonly supposed, and it follows that in all cases where there is special reason for doubt—as where the patient is known to have been subject to cataleptic seizures—the greatest possible care should be exercised, and as the surest precaution, the longest time possible should be allowed to elapse before autopsy or interment be permitted.

The question is much wider than the mere cause of Bishop's death. It is: Are you or I, or any of us, to be dissected after death, or be dissected to the death by a lot of autopsy-maniacs? It is more than this, even. It is: Does the medical profession know what it is talking about, and what it is doing? Or are our doctors as blind, as ignorant, as wedded to their so-called theories as any medicine man of the plains, or any fetich priest of Africa?

I should like to ask another thing, too. How many people are annually murdered by our undertakers? These members of a most repulsive profession love, as soon as they think the breath is out of the body, to put the corpse on ice and refrigerate it. Such treatment would, of course, kill whatever of life remained. Yet it is done every day.

We have all heard of well authenticated instances where persons assumed to be dead have awaked in their coffins, or in their graves. Such persons have stated that while they were in their trance or cataleptic state they were conscious of all that passed around them. They could hear the doctor say "dead;" they could feel the undertaker measure them for the coffin; they were aware when they were placed in it; they knew all that was going on, but had not the power, by word or sign, to show that they were still alive. Just imagine being dissected in such a condition. Many have been killed thus. The case of

the Abbe' Prevost, the author of "Manan Lescaut," is well authenticated. He died under the dissector's knife.

A story is told of Baron Larry, at the Hotel Dieu. He was demonstrating how muscular contraction can be produced in a corpse, and plunged his knife into the breast of a supposed cadaver, right to the heart. The corpse sat up, opened its eyes, groaned, and then fell back dead, amid streams of blood. "What must we do?" exclaimed one of the students. "*Keep our mouths shut!*" replied Larry. This is the etiquette of the profession. In brief, "never say a word against a colleague." If Bishop was to have given unmistakable signs of life under Ferguson's knife, the other doctors would never have mentioned it.

Why were these doctors in such a hurry? They will reply, "the cause of science" demands such haste. One of them, I think, spoke of "bungling coroners," and perhaps, therefore, their reply would have been truer if it had been "professional jealousy." At bottom, I fancy, it was simply curiosity. They knew of Bishop's performances, and thought they might detect his secret. How the discovery would have boomed their business. What an advertisement for Doctors Irwin, Ferguson and Hance.

The haste of the doctors proves, I think, one thing clearly. They did not believe in muscle reading. They believed it was a mental gift, some subtle development of the nerves of the brain that enabled him to do what he had done. They hoped to detect it before it vanished. This seems to be a perfectly fair inference for their conduct. They believed Bishop was a mind-reader. But with the narrow materialistic notions that have characterized surgeons in all ages, they looked for the mind in the *cortex* and central ganglia of the mass of matter, grey and white, which they call the brain. They could not realize that mind may speak to mind, *wie spricht ein Geist einen ander en Geist*.

A Physician's Reflections.

*Death of Sir Washington Irving Bishop.—Examples of
Suspended Animation.*

EDITOR OF THE BROOKLYN EAGLE.—The circumstances attending the death of Washington Irving Bishop suggest reflections of deep interest to the general public. That there was thoughtless haste on the part of the physicians in resorting to the dissecting knife, must be admitted. No code of professional ethics justifies a medical attendant in ignoring the rights of a wife or a mother, when such a proceeding is in contemplation. And, in this instance, no emergency existed which might excuse the surgeons from awaiting the arrival of the deceased's near relatives, so that their sanction or views on the subject might be obtained.

Another aspect of this case involves more serious consideration. Was Bishop really dead, or was his condition that of profound trance, when his body was opened? Bishop's previous history; his periodical cataleptic seizures; the doubts of those who were the most familiar with his psychological peculiarities, as to whether vitality had really ceased, previous to the autopsy; the numerous recorded cases of what is called "death trance," which closely simulates the condition of actual death—all these facts certainly show the question to be reasonably open to discussion. Such discussion will incidentally invite public attention to many errors and abuses, which are practiced in our present methods of dealing with bodies as soon as life is supposed to be extinct.

Aside from the self-evident proofs of death from violence, dismemberment, the visible destruction of vital organs, etc., let us ask ourselves, What are positive evidences of actual death? According to the best authorities, the question may be answered in one word—putrescence. But as chemical decomposition of the body may be postponed, by various causes, when death is unquestionably present, and as putrescence of the body

It often allowed to declare itself before the body is committed to the grave, and as putrescence of matters connected with the body may be easily mistaken for decay of the body itself, we must be cautious in reaching a decision. The question is of interest to every living person. All are called upon, sooner or later, to officiate in the disposition of the remains of those who have been held dear in life, and all in turn must expect to be objects of the same kind of offices from surviving friends. The mere absence of the visible signs of life in a body does not necessarily imply that it has ceased permanently. Breathing may have ceased; the pulsations of the heart may be stilled; what is called mortis rigor may have stiffened the limbs; the surface may be cold; a slight odor of decomposition may offend the smell; and yet all these appearances may be deceptive. The vegetative power of the body may still remain intact, and some unexpected movement of the still living fibre may stir the sources of vitality, and once more set the machine in motion. The records of medical science teem with such instances of suspended life. Numberless exhumations have developed the horrible fact that life had returned to the entombed remains only to be extinguished again in the hopeless silence of the grave.

In 1829 an ordinance of the City of New York required that all bodies furnished for interment should be kept above ground for eight days. In public receptacles for the dead an opening was left in the head of each coffin, and bells, attached by strings to the limbs of the body, were arranged in such manner as to ring on the least motion. Out of twelve hundred bodies so treated, life appeared in six—one out of every two hundred. If the period of trial had been prolonged until decay of the body had asserted itself in every case, the proportion of restoration might have been larger. This statement has appeared in several medical publications, and we presume is authentic. But pending the experiment it is probable that unusual care was taken to ascertain that life had positively departed before certificates to that effect were given by medical attendants.

The custom of immersing, or inclosing, a recently lifeless

body in ice is certainly reprehensible. Officious haste on the part of undertakers to inject embalming fluids in the tissues is no less to be condemned. If a vital spark remained, it would be surely extinguished by the freezing process on the one hand or by the action of deadly poison on the other. It is the part of prudence to await the proof of actual death. The medical attendant's dictum should not be considered as sufficient in the absence of the absolute evidences of death to which we have alluded, as it has happened, as I shall presently show, that bodies have given signs of life, even after being mortally slashed with the dissecting knife.

Another abuse seems to have developed in the manner of conducting microscopical examinations. They are often instituted with needless hurry, as in the instance of Washington Irving Bishop. Those who conduct such examinations should certainly establish the fact, beyond all doubt, that it is actual, not seeming, death that is before them. Autopsies have a fascination for some medical men. They seize upon opportunities for indulging this passion with unseemly avidity. Cases of involuntary homicide, on the part of the operator, have been related often enough to inculcate the necessity of great caution. I will relate here a few: The Cardinal Espinosa, prime minister under Philip II, of Spain, died, as was supposed, after a brief illness. His rank entitled him to be embalmed. His body was opened for that purpose. His lungs and heart were just brought in view when the latter was seen to beat. The Cardinal, awakening at the fatal moment, had strength enough to seize the knife of the anatomist before he expired.

Here is another lesson: The Abbe' Prevost, the French novelist, was seized with a fit in the forest of Chantilly. The body was conveyed to the residence of the nearest clergyman. The local authorities, desiring to be satisfied as to the cause of death, ordered the body to be opened. During the process, the poor Abbe' uttered a cry of agony. It was too late.

And still another: It is said of a former distinguished surgeon of New York, that in the early years of his practice he mortally mutilated a patient with the dissecting knife. The sick man was supposed to have died from the effects of a

ease of the throat, similar to that which so unexpectedly terminated the life of the late Thorndike Rice. The surgeon, curious to elucidate some doubtful point, took occasion to open the throat. The blood spurted out; animation returned to the body, but the injury done was irreparable. Life was extinguished almost as soon as restored. It is needless to multiply such examples, as one alone would suffice to substantiate the points claimed.

I have to regret that even the importance of the subject will hardly justify me in claiming space sufficient to relate even a few of the best authenticated and marvelous features of death trance. What we learn from history of these cases induces the belief that a person in the condition of a death trance can not be injured by a total deprivation of air, or any other essential of ordinary life, while the trance state continues. But the moment it ceases, these deprivations are fatal, and actual death then ensues.

M. HOWARD.

Brooklyn, May 22, 1889.

REVIVED AFTER THE GRAVE WAS DUG.

ELKHARDT, IND., Aug. 6.—After several days' sickness, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Boshiller, of this city, was given up by the physicians as dead, her heart and pulse beats being imperceptible, while her eyes were glazed, her under jaw dropped, and the death rattle was in her throat. Her father went to La Grange, thirty-five miles distant, had a grave dug, and made the necessary arrangements for the funeral. In company with several relatives he came back, to be astonished upon approaching his home to learn that his daughter, several hours after his departure, and while lying in her shroud, had returned to life and was rapidly improving. The case puzzles the community, but the joy of the parents over the restoration of their daughter is unbounded.

(From the New York World.)

Says He Was Killed.

*The Mother of Washington Irving Bishop does not mince Terms
—She demands an Investigation into the Cause of his Death.*

At 11:30 o'clock this morning, Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and Hance appeared before Coroner Levy for preliminary examination in the case of the late Washington Irving Bishop, the mind reader, whose death, the doctors claim, was due to an attack of catalepsy, which followed an exhibition given at the Lambs' Club.

Yesterday Mrs. Eleanor Fletcher Bishop, mother of the mind reader, sent a letter to the Coroner, requesting him to hold a further examination in her son's case, to determine definitely whether Bishop did really die from catalepsy, or from the surgeon's knife during the autopsy performed upon the body by Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and Hance. Letters were also sent by the mother to Drs. Allen, McLane, Hamilton and Spitzka, asking them to assist her in the investigation.

Coroner Levy has officially ordered the funeral to be stopped. It was to have taken place to-day, but will be postponed until next Monday afternoon, at 2 P. M., from Grace Church. The Coroner will not begin the examination by jury until after the funeral.

Mrs. Bishop was undoubtedly very much in earnest, when she said she believed that her son was not dead when the surgeons conducted the autopsy. The letter sent to Coroner Levy was as follows:

"I am of the belief, founded upon my knowledge of previous attacks, that the autopsy performed by Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and Hance was unwarranted. I therefore demand that a further examination be made, with a view to determine whether my son died under the surgeon's knife, or from catalepsy.

"ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP."

The Hoffman House, May 16, 1889.

The mother of the mind reader remains at the Hoffman House. She was overcome by the death of her son. Her belief is that Bishop was only in a trance when the surgeon's knife investigated the mysteries of the great mind reader's brain.

Mrs. Bishop says that her son has always been subject to trances, and that he inherited the tendency to them from herself. She said that on different occasions he would frequently lie for days as if he were dead; and that these trances always came on after he had performed a mind reading feat.

The most horrible part of the mother's belief is, that her boy was conscious all the time that the doctors were operating upon him, and knew what they were doing. Mrs. Bishop says she will prosecute the doctors—Irwin, Ferguson and Hance—to the fullest extent.

(From the New York Usher.)

"In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet."
—*Love's Labor Lost.*

It is a curious fact that Washington Irving Bishop always feared premature burial. He had a presentiment that some time, while in a cataleptic state, he would be thought dead, and be put under the ground. It was on this account that, two or three years ago, he told a friend—a physician, by the way—he wished every possible precaution to be taken to avert such a possibility. "I do not want an autopsy held," said he, with emphasis, "and even if the doctors agree that death has come, don't let me be placed in the earth. Put me in a coffin, plentifully provided with augur holes, and leave me in a vault for a month." But the doctors cut him up in less than three hours after he went into a trance, and now the experts and coroners are vainly trying to discover whether at the time of the carving Bishop was really lifeless or only in a trance.

(From the New York Star, May 25th, 1889.)

Mrs. E. F. Bishop's Statement of the Case.

Before the Coroner's Jury.—Dr. Briggs makes some startling disclosures—Death-like trances of long duration no uncommon thing with the Mind Reader.

The developments in the Bishop inquest before Coroner Levy, yesterday afternoon, were even more significant than those which marked the proceedings of the first session.

Dr. J. Edwin Briggs, who attended the mind reader while suffering similar cataleptic attacks, testified to the evidence of death, which were unmistakably manifest while he was in a state of coma. He also swore to the fact that two practicing physicians of New York City, Drs. Ford and Leech, had pronounced Bishop dead, beyond a doubt. Bishop at that time, in 1873, lay in a trance for twelve days. Murmurs of surprise followed these startling utterances, and Dr. Irwin, who sat beside his counsel, shifted uneasily in his chair. The lawyers for the defense continually objected to the course of questioning, but Coroner Levy decided that the testimony was admissible.

The session began at 2 o'clock, and the Civil Court room in the City Hall, in which the inquest is being conducted, was crowded to the doors. Among the first to arrive was George Francis Train.

Charles Thomas was the first witness sworn. He testified that Bishop, in his delirium, had called out for Dr. Weir. He said that Bishop was not stiff and rigid. Dr. Irwin suggested that an autopsy had better be made. With regard to calling Dr. Robertson, who was familiar with Bishop's case, Dr. Irwin said something about the likelihood of unpleasant scenes occurring should he be called. He had seen Bishop suffer from these attacks in California. It was generally known that Bishop was troubled in that way.

Mrs. Bishop, the mother of the mind reader, heavily veiled, walked to the stand with some difficulty, and gave way to her

grief before the first question had been asked. She finally became composed and gave the particulars of the attacks with which her son had been seized from boyhood up. When he was six years old, while they were living in Fifth Avenue, New York City, he was pronounced dead by Drs. Kirby and Pond. The attacks were marked by intense rigidity of the muscles, the fingers and hands turned black, and the ball of the eye was not sensitive to the touch. She told how her son always had a horror of being dissected, and always carried a letter about him forbidding an autopsy on his body. The letter, she said, also requested that augur holes be made in his coffin, should he be buried, so that in the event of consciousness returning he could get air. "I saw that paper," she said, "at 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, May 11th, just before he left Philadelphia for New York. The letter further said, if the doctors should pronounce him dead, his mother, ~~ex Judge (Randal)~~ and Colonel Ingersoll, whose addresses were given, should be communicated with."

Miss Irene Orme Jones took the stand next. She gave an account of an attack which the mind reader had in Cincinnati, and how two doctors had decided that he was dead. There he recovered in three days. She first saw him in one of these attacks at the Metropolitan Hotel, in Boston. Dr. Kane, of that city, pronounced him dead. At that time his jaw dropped, and there was every indication of death. "With my handkerchief," she said, "I closed his mouth, and I also crossed his hands; I, at the time, sharing the belief of the physician. Bishop told me repeatedly that the papers had cut him up, but the physicians never would."

Louis Aldrich, a member of the Lambs' Club, retold the story of Bishop's performances before the club, and his visit to the room where Bishop was lying shortly before 12 o'clock the following day. At that time there was a slight twitching of the extremities.

J. Edwin Briggs, physician, at No. 111 West Thirty-third street, was next sworn, and his testimony created somewhat of a sensation. He testified: "I have seen Bishop in two attacks. One he had in my office, the other at his mother's

residence, in 1873. I was summoned by a lady, who said that Bishop was dying. I hurried there and found him in the same condition I had seen him in my office previously. There was no pulsation, and no respiration. There was no indication of life whatever, and Drs. Ford and Leech, who were called, both pronounced him dead. They made several tests as to whether life still remained, and without hesitation said that he was dead. The finger was placed in the pupil of the eye, but it had lost its sensitiveness, and the limbs were intensely rigid."

"Why did you not agree with the other doctors?" asked Lawyer Atchison.

"Because I knew something of Bishop's predisposition to these trances, and, having observed similar cases, I was reluctant to have him buried without awaiting signs of decomposition. There were no other reasons. He was dead to every appearance, and to every test made."

"How long did he remain in this state of trance?"

"For over twelve hours. I made no attempts to revive him, but at the expiration of that time he came to with a start. I gave him some tincture of ammonia, and at the end of forty minutes he was apparently none the worse for the attack."

Counsellor Leitch, for Dr. Irwin, asked if there were no signs of life which prompted him to disagree with the decision of the other physicians. "There was every indication of death," Dr. Briggs replied, "and not a sign of life. The eye had lost its lustre, and every evidence of death was present."

"Is not touching the eye one test resorted to by physicians?" inquired Lawyer Leitch.

"Yes," replied the witness, "it is by those who are not familiar with trance."

Mrs. Mary White Martinot was the next witness called. She testified to seeing cards carried by Bishop forbidding any autopsy on his body. She had both seen and read them, and Bishop, whom she had known for many years, frequently expressed a horror at the possibility of his being dissected.

Madame M. A. Swett, the last witness, related the circumstances surrounding the several attacks which she had seen Bishop suffer.

(From the New York Star.)

Washington Irving Bishop Buried in Greenwood.

Laid Beside his Father, Nathaniel C. Bishop.—His Mother's Grief.—She is Photographed with her Arms Around Her Son's Neck.

Scenes no less sorrowful than those enacted at the Hoffman House by the mother of mind reader Bishop, when she denounced the physicians who performed the autopsy, preceded and followed the funeral services in Grace Church.

During the morning the grief-stricken mother visited the undertaking rooms, in company with several of her friends, and viewed the remains. She swooned repeatedly, but was revived without the attendance of doctors. She insisted upon being photographed at the side of her son's casket. A photographer, with a flashlight, was sent for, and the coffin raised so that the face of the dead man might come within the focus of the camera. The mother threw her arms despairingly about the heavily draped casket, and while in this position the picture was taken—the face of the dead being distinctly preserved. After friends had rearranged the vast wealth of flowers over the coffin, the mother was taken back to the Hoffman House.

The casket, which was provided by undertaker Hawks, is made of cedar, and is covered with black cloth and velvet, with rich drapery inside and out. On the top of the casket is a beautiful Masonic emblem. This casket, containing the body of Bishop, was placed in the hearse at 1 o'clock, and driven to the Hoffman House, where carriages for the mourners and personal friends were in waiting.

The mother was scarcely able to walk, and had to be fairly carried to her carriage by her nephew, T. Brigham Bishop, and G. H. Chamberlain. In the third carriage were Miss Helen A. Milliman, (the mother's secretary,) Mrs. C. E. Leach, Mrs. Lydia Chase and Miss Leila Chase. The occupants of the

carriages following were, Mrs. M. A. Swett, Mrs. Werner Gaupp, Miss Irene Orme Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Martinot and daughter, Miss Sadie Martinot, and George Francis Train, Oliver H. Blood, Jules Levy and Walter Hubbell, Secretary of the Actors' Order of Fellowship.

The pall bearers officiating were John G. Ritchie, Gus. Thomas, George Francis Train, Charles Thomas, Oliver H. Blood, Walter Hubbell, L. D. Kenney, Hon. R. G. Ingersoll, ~~ex-Judge Randall~~, and ex-District Attorney Thomas Atchison, and others.

The hour of the funeral had been set for 2 o'clock, but long before that time the church was filled with the friends of the deceased, and the representatives of the various societies with which he was connected.

Rev. Dr. Huntington, assisted by the Rev. J. B. Chalmers, read the Episcopal service for the dead at the church. As the words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were pronounced by the rector, the mother of Bishop fell over against her nephew in a faint. For a time it was feared she would not revive in time to follow the remains to Greenwood, but as the remains were being carried down to the main aisle of the church, she revived, and assured her friends that she would be able to go to the grave.

When the carriages reached Greenwood, the mourners, followed by the mother of the deceased, walked to the family plot on an elevation at the juncture of Maple and Atlantic avenues. The casket was then carried to the grave and deposited on the cross pieces. As the grave diggers started to begin the work of interment the poor mother threw herself upon her knees, and clasping the casket in her arms, cried out piteously against the injustice done her boy. She kissed the coffin several times, and was only by main force induced to allow the work to proceed.

When the grave was reached the pretended widow, Mable C. Tabor, stood with a heavy shawl wrapped about her shoulders, but showed no signs of emotion. The mother of the dead man wept and moaned incessantly, until the grave diggers made a motion to lower the coffin. "Irving, my darling," she

exclaimed, and breaking away from her supporters fell down beside the casket and kissed the cold wood again and again. She was raised to her feet, but not before she had cast a bunch of white roses upon the lid.

The grave of Sarah C. Bishop (aged six years), the mind reader's half sister, had been opened and his coffin was placed just above hers. The headstone bearing the inscription "Sarah C." was again placed in position. After the flowers had been arranged, Mrs. E. F. Bishop was assisted to her carriage. As the carriage started, "Irving, my darling," came again from the mother's lips. She thrust her head from the window and held her hands toward the mound of earth where lay the remains of her son, who was all she had to love and comfort her in her declining years.

There have been twenty-eight bodies buried in this plot, many of whom were strangers that Madame E. F. Bishop has kindly permitted to be buried there.

The *Times*, in an editorial, says: "The contention that the late mind-reader, Washington Irving Bishop, was only enjoying a customary trance when three reputable physicians and surgeons conspired to carve him up in the interest of science, seems preposterous. If medical skill has advanced no further than this, then, indeed, the lives of our people are in great peril. To say that trained and skilled pathologists are likely to saw off the head of a being in whom the vital spark is scintillant is to make every professor of the divine art a terror, instead of a benefactor. It has been claimed that medicine is empiricism, but we have been taught to believe that surgery is something of a science.

(From the New York World.)

The Mystery of a Cab.

Suspicion Lurks Around Young Frederick Doty's Death—Dr. Ferguson, who took part in the Mind-Reader Bishop Autopsy, Arouses a Coroner's Ire by Making a Prompt Post Mortem on the Body.

Dr. Frank Ferguson, who figured so prominently before the public through his connection with the Washington Irving Bishop autopsy, has again aroused the ire of the Coroner's Board, by performing a post mortem on the body of Frederick Doty, (the seventeen year old son of J. F. Doty, president of the Atlas Rubber Company,) before the arrival of the Coroner's deputy. Young Doty was under the influence of liquor, and it was decided to get a cab and take him home. When the cab arrived, Leill stood on the sidewalk and placed his hand on the open door. Doty walked out of the saloon with Washburn, Spear coming behind. The cabman was told to drive to Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street. When young Doty reached the cab door he staggered and fell with great force upon the back of his head. He at once became unconscious. He was lifted into the cab and driven to the hospital, instead of to his home.

Dr. Ferguson, who made an autopsy on the body of Mr. Bishop at a time when many people believed he was not yet dead, performed an autopsy on the body of Doty, without permission, and then left a memorandum for the Deputy Coroner, stating that Doty had died from a fracture of the base of the skull and meningeal hemorrhage. Deputy Coroner Weston was very indignant when he learned that an autopsy had been already made. He said that Dr. Ferguson had no authority to hold such an autopsy without getting the necessary permit from the Coroner's Board. There is an unwritten law among the physicians of New York, to the effect that an autopsy shall not be held within ten hours from the time of a death. Doty died at four o'clock in the morning, and at noon, when the Deputy Coroner called at the hospital, the autopsy had been concluded.

Dr. Weston was thoroughly dissatisfied with the disposition of the case, and he determined to renew it according to the requirements of law. To begin with, he examined the body thoroughly, and said afterwards that there was no fracture of the skull, and he claims to have found that Dr. Ferguson's diagnosis of the cause of death is erroneous, and further, that any external marks of violence which might have existed were no longer visible on the mutilated body. Dr. Weston gave a certificate stating the cause of death as intracranial hemorrhage, resulting from a blow or a fall.

Dr. Ferguson was seen about the autopsy, and he was very anxious that nothing should be said about him in connection with the case. He declared that he did not remember the time of day it was when he made the autopsy. Finally he fixed the time at 3 p. m., but it was 1.45 p. m. when the Deputy Coroner got to the hospital and found that the autopsy had been made.

Dr. Ferguson further said that the law requires that a particular amount of time should elapse after death before a body should be cut open, and that he had no right by law to make an autopsy, but by courtesy of the Coroners it was usual for hospital surgeons to do so.

Coroner Shultze will have the killing thoroughly ventilated, and will endeavor to have the witnesses brought before him, as they should have been by the police.

The Dead in Hospitals.

Friends Notified That a Man Was Dying Hours After His Death.

The case of young Doty, who was found dead on the street, last September, and then without the permission of his parents or of the Coroner, opened at the New York Hospital, throws a

pretty clear light on what is occasionally done at such institutions.

The writer had a friend removed to Bellevue Hospital. The patient was suffering from enlargement of the liver, and his case was pronounced hopeless by the two doctors called in for consultation.

Expecting his death, his relatives asked the authorities to send a telegram at once should anything serious occur—of course all expense to be paid by his friends.

Every day the hospital was visited by one or more to see him, and on Thursday, September 19, his sister-in-law paid the usual visit at 2 o'clock. She was told that her friend had died at 8.30 in the morning, and was then lying in the Morgue. At 6.30 in the evening a postal card—not a telegram—was received to the effect that the patient was very bad. This was nine hours after his death and three after his friends knew the fact.

A telegram was sent immediately to the Warden to have the body placed on ice. The Warden transferred the body to an undertaker near by, who wanted to charge \$13.00 for six hours' icing; but as a compliment to the press, reduced his bill to \$10.00.

There was an ugly mark on the forehead that was not there when the patient entered the hospital and not there the day before death.

The undertaker declared that the mark was on the body when he received it, and the nurse of the ward just as positively asserted that it did not occur during life. The patient had not fallen out of bed in delirium and had not knocked himself against the posts. He was not in any way disfigured when he was taken to the Morgue, she asserted.

The wound was there, however. How did it come?

Although clean clothing was lying in the dead man's valise and on the washstand beside his bed, he was almost absolutely naked when received by the family undertaker.

Certainly the impression remains with his family and friends that there was indifference, if not brutality, after death.

(From *The St. Paul Globe*.)

Three Days in a Coffin.

Experience of a Prematurely Buried Attorney of St. Paul.

"It was horrible, horrible, sir. I lay in that coffin alive and just as conscious of what was going on around me as I am at this moment. I have always been of a hysterical temperament, and on one grievous occasion had lain in a cataleptic state for twenty-four hours. This last time I lay for three days, perfectly conscious, as I said before, but to all appearances as dead as Cæsar."

The speaker was a well known attorney of St. Paul, who related the history of his thrilling experience with catalepsy conditionally that his name be withheld from publication.

"It has been said," stated the hero of this blood-curdling adventure, "that there are infallible signs which denote death, and are unmistakable to the practiced eye of the medico. I deny that such is the case, and no one has had a better opportunity of judging than I have. When I died, or rather when three of the best known medical men in Boston had asserted that I was dead, I had been for three days previous to my supposed demise in a condition of violent hysteria, bordering almost on insanity, owing to the death of a sister whom I loved to distraction.

"My death was attributed by, learned disciples of Esculapius, to disease of the heart. The three old fogies held a consultation over me, and I heard them discuss the advisability of a post-mortem examination, there being a slight difference of opinion among them as to what was the actual cause. At this time I was lying on a board perfectly rigid and fully realized the fact that I should be buried alive if I couldn't brace up and explain matters within the next few hours. I immediately blessed my mother and brother for their refusal to allow those old butchers to go for me with their knives. That is all that saved me, I tell you.

"How did I get out of the fix? Well, it was just by the

skin of my teeth. When the undertaker and his assistant brought the coffin and I was lifted into it, I knew at once that the coffin was too short, and just ached to say so, but I couldn't speak a word to save my life. I was tongue-tied; hadn't control of a muscle. The merest accident in the world prevented my being buried alive. A tack had been left sticking out from the drapery gracing the interior of the casket, and the fellow in the coffin business commenced a series of vicious jabs at it with a sharp-edged screwdriver. On one of these the instrument struck a nail head, and, flying off at a tangent, took me on the jaw with considerable force. The blood spurted forth, and I instantly regained the use of my limbs. I wanted to knock seven kinds of blue fire out of the coffin man, but the undertaker skipped, so I put it all over his assistant, I am ashamed to say, for the man was too horrified at my resurrection to defend himself in the least.

"Now you can just bet I am as healthy a man as most of them now-a-days, and I've issued strict orders that in the event of my death I am not to be buried until an artery has been opened and my decease absolutely proven."

(From the Philadelphia Item.)

Death Under the Scalpel.

The Awful Discovery said to Have Been Made by a Young English Surgeon.

When the Duke of Sutherland was on his way to Florida, last Fall, he had with him a medical gentleman who, besides his great knowledge of medicine, was a first-class raconteur. He amused the Duke's party with many anecdotes of English celebrities. One day he told the following story to explain why Sir George McDonald, the celebrated surgeon, had given up the practice of his profession for five years, just when five years' practice was most valuable to him.

"When Sir George McDonald," he said, "began his medical career, the fates seemed to smile on him. From the time he entered Edinburgh University he was recognized as a man of genius, and the great eminence to which he has raised himself was confidently predicted, both by his professors and fellow-students. He knew that a few years after he graduated a professor's chair would be waiting for him, and in the still more distant future were visions of wealth and honors incalculable. Suddenly it was reported through Edinburgh that McDonald, the promising young surgeon, was suffering from nervous prostration, and then the news followed that he had thrown aside his brilliant career and would practice his profession no more. The news was true. One night McDonald went home an enthusiastic surgeon, and when next seen he was evidently borne down by some great secret grief, and the very mention of a surgical operation seemed to fill him with horror. He went abroad, and for five years he remained a wanderer without occupation. Then he was persuaded to return and resume his profession.

"In the days when the present Sir George was plain Dr. McDonald, science had not taken the immense strides which it has since. The seekers after great truths were still groping in darkness. Vivisection was then practically unknown, and the only means medical men had of throwing light on mysterious deaths was by dissection. The bodies of the unfortunates who died in prison, or in the public wards of the hospitals, were the only ones legally obtainable, and as there were far too few to supply the demand, grave robbing was resorted to and big prices were paid by surgeons and medical students for dead bodies.

"One afternoon, as Dr. McDonald was leaving the lecture room of the university, he was approached by a well-known purveyor of subjects, and told that a man had died suddenly the day before of what was supposed to be heart disease, and for a certain consideration that body might be obtained. After a few minutes' conversation, McDonald walked on and the purveyor hurried off.

"That night, just as the moon was rising over the tops of

the Edinburgh houses, an apparently empty wagon, with two men on the seat, drove up to Dr. McDonald's house. After a careful look about, one of the men gave a low whistle; almost immediately a window on the ground floor was opened. Up against this window the wagon was backed, and the two men lifted a long, heavy object, wrapped in a sheet, and passed it into the house. The sound of money changing hands followed; then the window was closed and the wagon drove away.

"In lifting the heavy bundle the wrappings had been disturbed, and when Dr. McDonald turned from closing the window, the moonlight was shining on the placid face of a corpse. Quickly he lit a number of lights, and then drew a heavy curtain. From one side of the room he pushed a long table, on which were dark stains, showing that it had been used many times before. On this he lifted his purchase and examined it. It was the body of a man in the prime of life, and except that "rigor mortis" had set in, and that every joint was like a bar of iron, the man looked as though he were asleep. There were no signs of wasting disease. His face was full, and, except for its ghastly pallor, looked as it did in life. It was evident the man had died suddenly, and heart disease was the doctor's specialty. From a chest McDonald brought his instruments and glasses, his little basins and sponges, and laid them out in order by the side of the corpse. The subject died of heart disease, and so the heart was the part to be examined.

"Just as his knife touched the man's breast, Dr. McDonald sprang back with a startled look. Was it possible that the eyelids had quivered? No! it was only some passing draught which had made the light flicker over the dead face; but still he would be sure. There was no pulse, everything proved the man was dead beyond a peradventure. Then he proceeded with his dissection. Slowly and carefully he removed the outer skin. Then two ribs and a part of the breast bone were taken out and laid aside. At last the diseased heart, which had been the cause of death, lay revealed. All this had taken time, and the doctor was hungry. He put his instruments aside, and from a closet produced a lunch which he ate, throw-

ing occasional glances at the body on the table. When he had finished he resumed his work. The heart to be properly examined must be removed, and this he proceeded to do. He cut around the great organ of life, and was about to take it from the body when he chanced to look up. Then slowly, and as if every movement was a physical torture, he straightened himself. The hair on his head began to rise, and his eyes were riveted on the face of his subject. The last time he noticed that face the eyes were closed, and it was the expressionless face of the dead. Now all was changed. The eyes were open and were glaring at him with a horrible expression of reproach. At the same instant the body on the table rose slowly to a sitting posture, and the perfect stillness of the room seemed broken by a single whispered word, 'Murderer!'

[The fate of my only son, Washington Irving Bishop—my angel boy's terrible fate!]

"With his eyes glued on the mutilated form, Dr. McDonald staggered back until he felt the wall behind him, and could retreat no further. For fully two seconds those eyes glared at the doctor, and the air seemed to resound with that awful accusation. In that time he realized that the man never had been dead, and had known and felt every event of that horrible night. Then the mutilated body fell back. Shriek after shriek filled the house. The sleeping family, awakened by this awful noise, rushed down. They found Dr. McDonald just outside his office door, with his arms stretched out, barring the passage. 'Don't go in! don't go in!' he shrieked, and then fell insensible.

"Before daylight the same two men backed their wagon against the doctor's window, and the bundle, wrapped in a sheet, was passed out to them, but Dr. McDonald was delirious up-stairs.

(From the *Houston, Texas, Post*.)

A Social Sensation in Texas.

A Prominent Lady Involved.—*Mrs. Joseph S. Lockwood, of San Antonio, Texas, Spurns the Gentleman who Claims to be her Brother.*

In all the pages of romance there is nothing to surpass the weird and melancholy story which came to the ears of a *Post* reporter recently. It has in it sufficient mystery to engage the attention, tragic novelty to give wings to the imagination, and enough vicissitude and adventure, coupled with local interest, to clothe it with an unusual degree of significance in the social circles of Texas. Some of the parties that figure in it most prominently are well known in one of our neighboring cities, and doubtless they can count among their acquaintances hosts of friends, even here in Houston. They are known all over the State, and by wealth and standing rank among the foremost of our leading citizens.

To come down to the cold facts, *The Post* would say that everybody in San Antonio knows Mr. J. S. Lockwood. He is president of the Lockwood National Bank, of that city, and but few men stand higher than he does, socially or financially, in the entire county of Bexar. Rich in this world's goods, he is also wealthy in the possession of a wife of whom he is deservedly proud, and whom the aristocratic people of San Antonio have always recognized as one of the noblest types of true womanhood. To be honored with the acquaintance of Mrs. J. S. Lockwood was equivalent to a passport into all the fashionable gatherings which make up society in the Alamo city—a bow, or a smile of recognition, from such a distinguished source was an "open sesame," to every select set in that very æsthetic burg. And it is with this worthy lady, more than any one else, that the present narrative has to deal. She it is who has given the incidents, hereafter related, "a local habitation and a name," and she it is who figures more than all others in this romance in life.

Strange to say, a leading citizen of Houston has been the unintentional instrument by which the sensational developments of this strange story have come to the surface. Judge George Goldthwaite, unthinkingly, perhaps, has called from the chambers of oblivion some of the buried reminiscences of the past, laid bare that "skeleton of the closet," which, for fifteen years, has silently slumbered in the realms of domestic secrecy. Two days ago, it appears, the Judge had a somewhat "animated interview" with the great mind reader, Sir Washington Irving Bishop. The recontre took place in the Capitol Hotel, and was made the subject of public gossip and newspaper comment. In the heated debate that ensued muscle overcame mind, and the Judge carried off the honors.

Prior to this little unpleasantness, it seems that Mr. Bishop had addressed a letter to a New York friend, in which he casually mentioned that "before returning to the East he intended visiting his sister, Mrs. J. S. Lockwood, wife of the president of the Lockwood National Bank, San Antonio." This letter, or its contents, in some way got into the hands of Judge Goldthwaite, and believing that the Professor was not what he was claiming to be, he innocently indicted a telegram to Judge I. N. Simpson, a well-known lawyer of San Antonio, requesting him to look into the matter and ascertain whether or not Mrs. J. S. Lockwood was the sister of the famous mind reader, Sir Washington Irving Bishop. This was the bombshell whose reverberations are destined to make more noise in social circles than anything that has transpired here, or in Texas, for a long time past. In due time a telegraphic reply was received, and "thereby hangs a tale."

"Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful,
In that big city full,
Kin he had none!"

The reply was just what Judge Goldthwaite expected. It was brief and to the point, and was contained in two words,

viz.: "*No kin.*" Was Mr. Bishop, then, an impostor? He was posing here as the brother-in-law of a leading Texas banker, and in view of the information just received would it be right to permit him to further deceive the people of Houston by sailing under false colors? These were the thoughts that for a few moments agitated the portly frame and mental corporosity of Judge Goldthwaite. He didn't take very long to decide, but in that genial manner so peculiarly his own he mildly murmured, "Not if the court knows herself, and she thinks she does." Accordingly, he exhibited the tell-tale dispatch to a number of his friends, and little by little the news took wing, until eventually it came to the ears of the party most interested, Sir Washington Irving Bishop.

Mr. Bishop was enraged at what he regarded a slander, and to many persons freely and forcibly denounced the liberties that were being taken with his name and his family affairs. He complained of the affair to the manager of Gray's Opera House, Mr. J. H. Hawley, and at his request that gentleman immediately telegraphed a friend in the Alamo City, asking him to see the lady in question, and learn from her own lips the truth of the whole matter. The answer was anxiously waited for, and when at last it came it read substantially as follows: "Mrs. Lockwood denies that Sir Washington Irving Bishop is her brother. She says she has no brother."

This was a paralyzer. When it was turned over for perusal to Mr. Bishop, his whole face underwent a complete change, his eyes glistened, his voice grew husky, and with the passionate exclamation of "Great God!" he disdainfully flung the telegram on the floor. This occurred at his room in the Capitol Hotel, and subsequently he met a representative of the *Post* and asked him to accompany him to the telegraph office, where he dispatched the following terrific telegram:

"To Mrs. Sarah Coney Bishop Lockwood, wife of J. S. Lockwood, President of the Lockwood National Bank, San Antonio:"

[Here follows the telegram, in which he characterizes as "an unmitigated falsehood," the alleged statements of Mrs.

Lockwood, that she was not his sister. He also intimates that while he was a lad she absorbed the inheritance left him by their father, leaving him completely out in the cold. In conclusion, he declares he will "bow her head in the dust for daring to impugn his word of honor," and subscribes himself, "your injured brother, Washington Irving Bishop." The dispatch is extremely severe, and evidently emanated from a man who believes himself, whether rightly or wrongly, sorely aggrieved. He makes no secret of his feelings, and says that as Mrs. Lockwood has spurned him as a sister, he will no longer hesitate to humiliate her as a brother.]

After returning to the hotel, and ere he had yet recovered from his mental agitation, Professor Bishop gave the following graphic sketch of the trials and tragic tribulations through which his family had passed: "My father, Nathaniel Coney Bishop, has been dead some fifteen years. He was a wealthy citizen of New York, and Mrs. J. S. Lockwood, of San Antonio, is his daughter by his first wife. I am his son by a second wife, and we are his only children. While I was a mere lad, my mother was prosecuting a suit for divorce against him. At present I will only say that his death convulsed all New York, and left me without a dollar. Mrs. Lockwood obtained \$50,000, more or less, for which his life was insured, and although enjoying that money to-day, she sees fit to disown me now as the child of her father, and the only brother she ever had. I tell you it is more than human nature can stand, and I do not propose to quietly submit to such an indignity."

Here the Professor paced the room in a state of great mental excitement, and on restraining himself, resumed: "My father's remains were exhumed, and the fatal drug by which he was killed was a vegetable poison, as Dr. O. R. Doremus failed to discover mineral poison. The excitement created at the time, by the revelation made, was so great that the Rev. Dr. Tyng declined to have services read over the remains in his church, at my mother's request, and it remained for the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to utter the last prayers at the grave of my murdered father, and speak the only words of consolation which my afflicted mother received. No words of comfort

were wafted to her from Mrs. Lockwood, and from that time until now I have not spoken to her as my sister. But being now in Texas, for the first time, and wishing to forget and forgive, I did intend calling on her before I left, and telling her that the hatchet was buried. She has scouted the advances I purposed making; she has denied me to those who have spoken to her on the subject; and now, in my own defence, I see no course open to me other than to bring the facts before the public, and that I propose doing."

The affair is destined not to end here, and is likely to create a profound sensation in San Antonio.

[The Mrs. Sarah Coney Bishop Lockwood, above referred to, is the sister of Sarah C. Bishop, mentioned in another article, and a half sister to Sir Washington Irving Bishop. Full particulars of her (Mrs. Lockwood's) cruelty and ingratitude will be published in her step-mother's autobiography, now in press.]

The *World*, in an article published September 17th, says: "Dr. Frank Ferguson seems anxious to gain the reputation of being a "lightning autopist"—a sort of scientific *Jack the Ripper*, as it were. He participated in the hasty carving up of Washington Irving Bishop, the alleged mind-reader. And on Sunday morning he made an autopsy, before the arrival of the Coroner, upon the body of young Frederick Doty, who was found apparently dead in a cab, as the result of a fall while intoxicated. Dr. Ferguson is reported as admitting that he had no actual authority for his action, but made the autopsy "to satisfy himself that Doty was dead." This is making assurance doubly sure with a vengeance! However it may be with a victim in these cases when he falls into such hands, he is sure to be dead when they get through with him. Is there no remedy for such outrages?

Washington Irving Bishop and Henry Labouchere.

How the Mind-Reader and the Great Editor had their Misunderstanding.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK WORLD.—The object of this communication is simply to do justice to the memory of the late Washington Irving Bishop. An article in the New York *Herald*, on the 14th inst., contained a short resume of the life of Bishop, and referred, among other things, to the difficulty that arose between W. I. Bishop and Henry Labouchere, in which a decided injustice was done to Mr. Bishop. The article referred to, by its phraseology and terms, leads to the conclusion that Bishop failed to read the number of a Bank of England note in the presence of an audience. Now this is not the fact. The writer was abroad at the time, and took a great interest in Bishop and his seances.

Labouchere had wagered, through the press and at public dinners, that he would forfeit £1,000 if mind-reader Bishop would successfully read the numbers of a Bank of England note to be produced by him, sealed in an envelope, in the auditorium of a hall to be selected by Bishop, but his wager also contained other conditions, some of which severely handicapped Bishop in the selection of a medium. Bishop, well knowing the impossibility of successfully performing such a feat with a medium of slight temperament, replied likewise through the press and at public dinners, declining the stringent terms imposed by Labouchere, but offered to undertake the task if a committee of three were appointed—one to be named by Bishop, one by Labouchere, and the two thus appointed to select a third—who should select and produce before an audience five persons for the purpose of affording the mind-reader an opportunity of experimenting with their nervous temperament, and allowing him to select as his medium the one ap-

pearing to him the most sensitive and of the most nervous temperament. Labouchere ignored this offer.

Mr. Bishop was not to be shut off and served in this manner, and promptly took the initiative, reissued his offer, notified Labouchere publicly and privately by letter, engaged Hope Hall in Liverpool, (where he was stopping,) chartered a special Wagener car from London and return, which he placed at the disposal of Labouchere, that he might be personally present; and offered to forfeit £1,000 sterling to any charitable institution in England that Labouchere might name, should he fail to read the number of a Bank of England note to be produced by Labouchere, in a sealed envelope upon the stage, and delivered to the committee in the presence of the audience.

The time arrived, and Bishop was on hand, as well as a crowded house, but Labouchere failed to put in an appearance, and also failed to reply to the challenge. After waiting for fully three-quarters of an hour for Labouchere, during which time Bishop amused the audience with a few of his many interesting feats, including the exposure of the well-known Spiritualistic cabinet trick. Mr. Bishop proposed that a committee be selected by the audience, which was done. The Right Rev. Dr. Rhyle, Bishop of Liverpool, and three gentlemen and myself, were selected by the audience as the committee for the evening.

Several gentlemen in the audience expecting, perhaps, such an opportunity as occurred, were provided with Bank of England notes duly sealed in envelopes. The Bishop of Liverpool, as chairman of the committee, selected one of the offered notes, and, with the committee, selected a medium from the audience, who was, to the great astonishment of all present, promptly accepted by the mind-reader, after first pressing the hand of the selected medium and then passing his hand across the forehead.

It was thus manifest to every person in the hall, even the most skeptical, that the affair was free from trick and device, the chairman, Bishop Rhyle, who selected the note, being beyond the possibility of reproach. Thereupon Mr. Bishop took the medium in hand, crossed and recrossed the platform (the hall

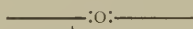
being fully lighted all the time), and finally successfully marked the numbers of the note upon a blackboard in the presence of the audience.

The foregoing facts are within my personal knowledge. Having been present and taken part in the proceeding, I am fully cognizant of all that took place. If there are any persons who have been misled by the article above referred to, to believe that Bishop failed in his difficulty with Labouchere, and if by this communication such wrong and unjust impression has been removed, I shall feel that I have done justice to the memory of a very remarkable and peculiar man.

WILLIAM F. RANDEL,

New York, May 18.

68 William Street.



Whatever may be the merits of the dispute between W. Irving Bishop and Henry Labouchere, a definite settlement of which would benefit a charitable institution, there can be no doubt that Bishop's attitude towards public institutions of a charitable character is distinguished by remarkable generosity. His warm interest in the well-being of the hospitals of some of our large towns has been shown in the most unmistakable manner. In several places, where his experiments have aroused great interest and have attracted large audiences, Bishop has given special performances on behalf of the local hospitals. In Manchester, for instance, a few months ago, he gave a demonstration of his peculiar powers in aid of the Royal Infirmary of that town, and was able to hand over to the treasurers of that institution the handsome sum of £352. Mr. Bishop now comes nearer home with a proposal to do a similar good work. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago he was struck down by a serious illness in Dublin, just after he had given a few performances that created quite a sensation among the people of that city. During his illness kindly inquiries were made respecting his condition by many persons who were strangers to him, but in whom he has aroused much interest in the nature of his work. In remembrance of the kindness he received in

Dublin, he has offered to give a seance in aid of the funds of the Jervis Street Hospital, and his offer has been gladly accepted. Considering that many hundred persons were unable to gain admission to the nightly overcrowded hall in which he made his extraordinary experiments, there is reason to hope that the hospital will benefit to a considerable amount. Few public entertainers—among whom we may perhaps class Mr. Bishop, seeing that he entertains, as well as puzzles and instructs—step out of the usual path of money-making to devote their time and ability to aiding the institutions of the towns they visit. Madame Ristori, as we mentioned lately, gave a performance in aid of Manchester charities. Mr. Henry Irving, as we all know, gave readings on behalf of the Samaritan Hospital in Belfast. These are notable exceptions. But Bishop's generosity has not had an insolated expression. A number of towns have already reason to remember him with gratitude, and the people of Dublin will no doubt estimate at its true value the kindly sentiment that prompts the performance of next week.

London, 1884.

(From the Boston Post.)

Reading Men's Minds.

*Washington Irving Bishop's Performance at Music Hall.—
Success Achieved Without the Aid of Physical Contact.*

If Washington Irving Bishop is really able to read the minds of his fellow-men, and possessing that power, used it upon the audience which assembled in Music Hall last evening, he must have instantly recognized the fact that the sympathies of almost all present were with him. In intelligence, it was an exceedingly good audience, being composed of well-known business and professional men, and of women whose appearance

was a guarantee of genuine Bostonian intellectuality. The first thing apparent to one who entered late was that the great majority of those present had come to observe an interesting scientific experiment, and not simply to be amused. A great many physicians were there.

Mr. Bishop appeared upon the stage in evening dress, wearing upon his breast the great cross of Russia. After making a few introductory remarks, he requested that a committee should be appointed to take charge of the experiments. The following named gentlemen were selected and took their places upon the platform: Dr. Langmaid, Franklin Johnson, of Cambridge, Professor D. G. Syon, of Harvard, Dr. William B. Goldsmith, of Providence, H. G. Mitchell, Fred. L. Ames, the Hon. A. A. Ranney, James Sturgis, Dr. N. Folsom, Dr. Cecil P. Wilson, D. F. S. Watson, Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch, Arthur Dexter, and M. P. Kennard. Among those noticed in other parts of the hall were John F. Andrew, Dr. Charles Putnam, Dr. Coles, of the McLean Hospital, Fritz Giese and H. D. Burnham.

The first experience was the "murder scene." The method of conducting this experiment is well known to the public by this time. A gentleman sitting about half-way down the middle aisle was the victim, and the weapon was pushed down behind the back of a member of the committee, apparently inside of his waistcoat. The experiment was eminently successful. It differed in no way from the test at the Vendome. Considerable amusement resulted from Mr. Bishop's request for the gentleman on whose person the knife was concealed, to remove his coat and waistcoat, which he did without hesitation. The next test was somewhat novel. Mr. Sturgis was asked to write a lady's name and inclose the writing in an envelope. He did so, and then accompanied Bishop in a long search through the hall. At length the lady was found in the first balcony. She was Mrs. F. S. Watson, wife of Dr. Watson, of the committee. Mr. Bishop presented her with a beautiful bouquet. In reply to a question from Bishop as to who furnished the guiding power, Mr. Sturgis said: "I think it is proper to say that Bishop took me."

Next came the experiment with a bank note. Mr. Kennard, assistant treasurer of the United States sub-treasury in this city, said that he had a note, the number of which was known to himself alone. He was asked to show it to two other members of the committee. Bishop then wrote the number 18,-340,793, which was declared to be correct. Mr. Kennard said that the note had never been in circulation, nor had it been out of his custody since its arrival in this city. Messrs. Ames, Lyon and Johnson then concealed a knife, and, returning, were bound to Bishop with some ten or fifteen feet of wire. The search was a short one, and the knife was found under the steps on the left of the platform in Bumstead Hall. It was surprising to see the fierceness with which Mr. Bishop overturned the steps and "dove" for the knife beneath. In the search there was no hesitation except for a moment on entering the lower hall. Mr. Ames stated that the mind reader had pursued absolutely the same course taken by the committee when the knife was hidden, and that no assistance whatever had been given him.

Dr. Bowditch then imagined he had a pain in the last joint of the little finger of his left hand, and Bishop located it for him. It was evident that Mr. Bishop knew almost instantly that the pain was in the hand, and that his delay was for the purpose of verifying his first impression. Mr. Ames was then requested to become temporarily a thief. He was to take an article of some kind from each of three gentlemen and hide the stolen property somewhere in the hall. This test proved to be the feature of the evening, indeed, the most notable of all Bishop's experiments in this city. Mr. Kennard took three articles—a reserved seat check, a case for holding opera glasses, and a knife—from three individuals, and hid them behind the statue of Apollo. Bishop was then carefully blindfolded, and Mr. Kennard took his place beside the mind-reader. That gentleman announced that the experiment would be made without any physical contact, in order that the question of "muscle-reading" might be settled. Mr. Kennard placed his hand about five inches above those of Bishop's, and almost instantly the latter started rapidly down the hall, Mr. Kennard following as

best he could. They passed out at one of the side doors toward Tremont street, and in a very short time appeared in the rear of the second balcony. Here Mr. Bishop paused before a young man, over whom he passed his hands. As Mr. Kennard was supposed to be picturing the Apollo in his mind, the mistake of Bishop may be regarded as highly complimentary. He soon left this false quest, however, and went straight toward the statue. The articles were found, and in a very short time the check was returned to its owner. The opera-glass case gave a little more trouble, but the lady from whom it was taken was found in about three minutes. The knife alone remained, and the mind reader appeared to be somewhat in doubt. He searched along the middle aisle, and finally paused by the side of a young man with a red necktie.

"If this knife is not yours," said Bishop, "I will give you one set with precious stones."

"It is not mine," said the young man. Bishop seemed to be greatly astonished. He said: "I had the most distinct picture of you. Have you not a red necktie?" and he went on to describe the personal appearance of the young man. Then it transpired that Mr. Kennard had thought that the young man was the owner of it. Both he and the real owner were strangers to Mr. Kennard, and he had confused their locations in the audience. When he was set right, Bishop at once found the owner, and even returned the knife to the pocket from which it had been taken. Mr. Kennard stated that there had been no physical contact between himself and Bishop, except at very infrequent intervals, when they ran into each other in turning corners. This fact was patent to the audience during all the time, except when the gentlemen were ascending to the second balcony. The space between their hands was often several feet, and it is safe to say that few in the audience saw contact at any time. Bishop was evidently greatly exhausted. His breathing was labored, and his brow was wet with perspiration. The success of this experiment was regarded as little short of a miracle, if the expression that were heard on every hand furnish a criterion.

The closing test was with Professor Lyon. He wrote upon

the back of the blackboard in a language unknown to Bishop, and unseen by him. With infinite labor and exhaustion, the mind-reader (blindfolded) wrote upon the face of the board, in view of the audience, something that resembled this :



The perpendicular lines were not quite straight.

It appears that this character was in the Assyrian, or some other equally outlandish speech. There was only one person, besides Professor Lyon, in the hall who knew what the character written by that gentleman meant, though several of the committee saw it. Bishop's attempt was visible to the audience—Professor Lyon's writing was on the opposite side of the board.

"I don't believe that is quite right," said Bishop, "but what would you call it, if you said it?"

"I should call it an imitation of what is on the other side of the board," was the reply.

The board was then turned about and revealed this :



It is the Assyrian letter answering to the vowel U. Professor Lyon said that it was sometimes written as Bishop had made it. This closed the tests, which were regarded as eminently successful.

During their progress, each success of Mr. Bishop was received with the most generous applause, and at the close he was warmly congratulated. He was heard to state that this was the end of his performance in public. The distinguished gentlemen on the stage were not disposed to give explanations of the phenomena, without more thought. They all regarded the performance as interesting and wonderful, and certainly acquitted Bishop of any accusations of charlatanry.

(From *The Portland Oregonian*.)

Mind-Reader Washington Irving Bishop.

He gives a Wonderful Performance at the Esmond—All His Experiments at Mind-Reading Highly Successful—A Drive Blindfolded to the Post Office.

About one hundred invited guests assembled at the Esmond parlors at noon yesterday, to meet Sir Washington Irving Bishop, whose fame as a mind-reader has preceded him. The company was representative of the city, being composed of professional and business men of all classes and a number of ladies. Mr. Bishop was introduced by Mr. James O'Meara. He is a man of very slight, nervous physique, highly intellectual looking, and is an interesting speaker. He spoke very briefly of himself and what he termed his power, and proceeded at once with his preparations for his proposed experiments. The following gentlemen were selected as a committee to assist him in the experiments: Judge Matthew P. Deady, C. B. Bellinger, ex-Gov. George L. Woods, Dr. K. A. J. Mackenzie, Dr. O. Binswanger and C. E. S. Wood.

He first proposed to discover the commission of a crime. He asked Dr. Mackenzie to take a dagger, touch some person in the room with the point of it and then conceal the dagger, he himself in the meantime retiring from the room.

During Bishop's absence Dr. Mackenzie took the dagger, touched the right breast of Joseph D. Meyer, and then concealed the weapon in the pocket of Mr. Fred. V. Holman, who stood in one corner of the room, behind a high arm chair. When Bishop re-entered the room he was blindfolded by Judge Bellinger, and Dr. Mackenzie then stepped to his side. Placing his hand in close proximity to that of the doctor's, Bishop began to push his way through the crowd, having requested the doctor to think steadily upon the place where he put the dagger.

Mr. Jeff. Hayes, superintendent of the Western Union

office in this city, was standing next to and nearly in front of Mr. Holman, and he it was whom the mind-reader first encountered. Passing his hand over Hayes' chin, he said: "This is not he. I want a man with a goatee," and in another moment he had put Mr. Hayes to one side and was searching Mr. Holman's pockets, where he found the knife. Pushing his way back through the crowd he made the circuit of the room, until he stopped in front of Mr. Meyer. After some hesitation he placed the point of the dagger against his left breast. He seemed to realize that the spot was not the right one, but finally said he could come no nearer. Taking off the bandage he drew a line across Mr. Meyer's breast, and showed that where he placed the dagger was exactly opposite the spot touched by Dr. Mackenzie. He explained this by saying the mental picture was reversed.

By this time Bishop was trembling in every limb, and appeared to be bordering almost on hysterics. The veins of his forehead were swollen and his pulse, which before the experiment was 72, now throbbed at 116. Mr. Bishop then proposed to read the number of a bank note which he had never seen. Dr. Mackenzie produced one, and Bishop wrote the correct number on a blackboard.

The next experiment was finding hidden property. Mr. C. E. S. Wood borrowed from three separate persons in the room a watch, a handkerchief and scarf-pin. Mr. Bishop was not present. Leaving the room, Mr. Wood concealed the articles in a wooden basket in a dark closet, three corridors distant. Being again blindfolded, Bishop took Wood's hand, and not only led him directly to the spot where the articles were concealed, picked them up, and returning to the room, still blindfolded, but restored each article to its owner.

Mr. Bishop concluded his experiments with the famous feat of finding an article hidden within a mile of the hotel, and driving to it blindfolded. Gov. Woods, Mr. Wood and Dr. Mackenzie took a corkscrew, which was handed them by Judge Deady, and drove away in a double carriage to hide it. They returned in about fifteen minutes to the hotel. A map of the city was spread out. Upon the return of the committee,

Bishop was blindfolded. He took Dr. Mackenzie's right hand in his left, a lead pencil in his right, and, going to the map, traced a line from the hotel to the post office block. Then, adding Mr. O'Meara to the committee, he tied a light wire to his own wrist and around the wrist of each of the committee. He allowed himself to be securely blindfolded and a black cap drawn over his head. Then with the committee he entered the carriage, took the lines, turned into Morrison street, drove rapidly up Morrison to Fifth, turned up Fifth half a block and stopped in front of the post office. Still leading the way, he walked up the steps, entered the vestibule and went directly to the letter box of Williams, Ach & Woods, where the corkscrew had been concealed a few moments before. It should be remembered that all this time he was so securely blindfolded that it was impossible for him to see. When he returned to the hotel he seemed utterly exhausted, and laid down.

All the members of the committee agree that Bishop led them all the way. Gov. Woods, after the drive, told that as the team was approaching the street railway track at Third and Morrison, which is several inches above the roadway, he thought, "Now Bishop will strike that track and upset us." Immediately Bishop pulled the horses to the left, and missed the car track. After the experiment was concluded, Gov. Woods asked Bishop why he swerved from his course. Bishop answered: "I can't explain how, but some way or other, I was impressed with the idea that I was driving into danger. The fear of your mind was mirrored in my own."

When Bishop is going through an experiment his mind is in a semi-hypnotic state. Blinding the eyes and partial paralysis, temporarily, of the optic nerve helps to produce this condition. He has had this occult power since his youth. Bishop related to a reporter how he first became interested in thought-reading. He said:

"Some eighteen years ago, while I was a student at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., in common with many of my classmates, I enjoyed the privilege of the Sunday recess at home with my parents on Fifth Avenue, New York City. We were near neighbors to Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt,

Commodore Vanderbilt was a constant visitor to our home on these Sundays. He—as is commonly known—was a staunch believer in ‘spiritualism.’ My parents, although most rigid in their observance of high church forms, still conceded so much to their fondness for the Commodore as to allow, for his gratification, the formation now and then of a Sunday afternoon of what is known as a ‘spiritual circle.’ At these ‘seances’ many things occurred of a strange and to me wholly inexplicable character. I did not then, I do not now, believe that there was anything supernatural about these happenings. What my tutors at college taught me I believed then and hold fast to now: ‘It is foolish to attribute that which we do not understand to a supernatural agency, until all natural means of solution have been exhausted, and then such attribution is but a scapegoat for our ignorance.’ Commodore Vanderbilt would often, at the ‘circle,’ when seated beside me at the table, place his right hand upon my left hand, and, believing me to be, as he often said, a spiritual medium of extraordinary power, he would ask me to give, with my disengaged right hand, an evidence of what is called in spiritualistic parlance, ‘automatic spirit writing.’ A pencil in hand, upon a sheet of paper placed upon the table, I often wrote ‘communications,’ with the subject matter of which I was totally unfamiliar. I have even written backwards, necessitating the holding of the paper to a mirror, in order to read the writing thereon. All these ‘communications’ Commodore Vanderbilt believed to have emanated from the spirits of his departed relatives. Often he has said to my father, after hearing, as he believed, from the other world, something like this: ‘Nathaniel, I told you so! Stocks will rise to-morrow.’ Sometimes they did, sometimes they didn’t, but his faith was never shaken. I will tell you why, and this is the secret of my initiation into ‘thought-reading.’ I firmly believe I unconsciously invariably interpreted what Commodore Vanderbilt himself thought. The advice of the spirits was only his own capital judgment, unconsciously transmitted through me. The result of these—exercises, shall I call them?—was that my love for mental philosophy and metaphysical investigation was developed quite early in life.”

(From the *Daily Globe*.)

A Mental Journey with Mind Reader-Bishop.

Strange Experience of a Theatrical Advance Agent.—A Name Written in Blood.—The Mind-Reader Repeats a Melody Two Years After it has been Played, and 1,000 Miles Away.

A group of gentlemen were standing in front of the West Hotel bar one evening, exchanging yarns, when a *Globe* reporter dropped in, in search of the interesting. Among their number was one Gus Thomas, the advance agent for Bishop, the mind-reader, who begins a week's engagement at the Hennepin Avenue theatre to-morrow night. When the reporter entered listeners were just uniting on some expression of doubt or protest to the stories of the avant courier regarding his chief. Not at all abashed, however, by the reception of his statements, he was continuing: "Why, gentlemen," he said, "I was once more of a skeptic regarding this man's powers than any one of you can possibly be, but I had a bit of personal experience with him that cured me."

"What was that?" asked several, with different degrees of avidity.

"Well, I'll tell you. It happened in New York last January. At that time I knew Bishop only by reputation. I was with Julia Marlowe as business manager, under the direction of Ariel Barney, who is also manager for Keene, the Vokes Company, and other attractions. One day Barney came to me and said that he could place me in advance of Bishop, if I wished to go. He said that the position was worth a hundred a week to the right man, and that Bishop had asked him to aid in the selection of one. Barney was very kind about it, and explained generously that my chances with himself were abridged, for as you know he has Fred Stinson and Billy Smith on his staff, the two best press agents in the United States. The matter wound up with an interview with Bishop and an arrangement between us. I was to start at once.

"To tell the truth, I had some doubts about Bishop's

powers. In fact, had no faith in him at all, and I felt only half hearted in the prospective work. Without telling him that plainly, I hinted, however, that I could do better work ahead of him if I had some convincing evidence of his strength.

"He asked me to call at his hotel, and the next morning I met him at the Hoffman House by appointment.


"I was no sooner seated than he asked me if I had a vivid memory. I spoke with some confidence of that faculty. 'Then,' said Bishop, 'recall some journey you have taken. Think of the start, the scenes surrounding it, incidents of the trip, and anything directly or indirectly connected with it.

"I had just made up my mind to recall, as far as possible, the incidents of a journey I once made through Kansas as correspondent of the *New York World*. I was thinking of the rooms of the *Post-Dispatch* in St. Louis, and of Henry Moore informing me that I was assigned to the task, when Bishop began to speak. He said: 'There is a room with many desks about it; two windows in its front wall. Men are writing at the desks. It seems to be the local room of a newspaper; a stout blonde man with thin moustache and hair also thin, and worn pompadour, is holding a letter.'

"Well, I needn't say I was startled. I looked at Bishop. He was sitting with his head thrown back and his hands pressed over his eyes. The fingers were bloodless and trembling violently. I remarked mentally how they contrasted with a maroon portiere that was just behind him.

"Don't let your mind wander,' he said; 'you are thinking of this room,' and I was, too. With an effort I fixed my attention on my recollection of the trip. I need not go over his entire talk with me. It is enough when I tell you that he accurately described the hotel at Leavenworth where I stopped, described a tall, fine-looking, stately gentleman, with a long black beard, whom I recognized as Dr. Neely, the mayor of Leavenworth. He described a ride I took to the fort in a carriage with a lady of Leavenworth and told of a little reportorial difficulty I had in the town. As he spoke of that, my thoughts reverted to the reception of its news at my home in St. Louis, and immediately he began to describe the library there. 'A

young lady,' he said, 'with large dark eyes and brown hair, is sitting at a piano. She is playing. Stop!' And rising from his seat he went to a piano that stood in the room and began softly to play the air from the '*Bohemian Girl*,' *Then You'll Remember Me*. It was a favorite with the girl he had just pictured. The only other prominent incident of the trip that I could fix my mind upon in its then agitated condition was a jump to Fort Gibson, in Indian Territory, and as my thoughts turned there Bishop ceased playing and began to describe the parade ground, the soldiers, and their barracks. 'There is a large Southern-looking house,' he said. 'A man is sitting on the porch. He looks like James G. Blaine.'



"'It is Blaine!' I said, and it was. I had been suddenly ordered to Gibson from Atchison to report his condition. He had gone there to visit his married daughter and had been suddenly taken sick. "The rapidity with which he read my changing thoughts so impressed me that I was perfectly rattled. I could no longer control my ideas. My mind was filling all over the country. At last by a desperate effort I fixed my memory upon Bardstown, Ill. I used to have a very dear old uncle who lived there. He had a peculiar face and a boyish way. I used to draw caricatures of him. I was thinking of one of those when Bishop suddenly drew his chair to a table, and with a pen and ink hastily drew a reproduction of one of those rude sketches as exact and autographic as if it had been torn from one of my old copy-books. The strange part of it was that he didn't seem to be looking at the paper. His face was ashen, and he breathed so laboriously that I felt inclined to call for help. 'Sit still' he said. He arose from his seat, took off his coat and rolled up the shirt sleeve on his left arm. 'Look,' he said. I gazed at his arm. As I did so he passed his hand over it and there in letters of blood were the words "Uncle William" scrawled just as I used to make them when I was a boy. Bishop threw himself exhausted on the bed, and I got out into the sunshine and life of Broadway as soon as I could. I needn't say that I've had faith in Bishop ever since."

"Will he attempt anything of that kind during his visit here?" a bystander asked,

Realistic Pantomime of a Murder.

*A Murder Committed in Scotland, years ago, Brought to Light.
—The Murderer Surrenders to Glasgow Police.*

PROVIDENCE, May 19.—The death of Mind-Reader Bishop recalls how his realistic pantomime of a murder given at an exhibition in this city, several years ago, so affected a man who had killed a banker in Scotland that he gave himself up to the authorities, and confessed the crime. The murderer's name, as he was known here, was Allen MacIntyre, and he had murdered Banker William Baker, of Glasgow, in his private office, and escaped with a large sum of money. The night Bishop exhibited here, MacIntyre responded to the mind-reader's call for volunteers, as he did so remarking to Wm. C. McDonald, who sat in the next seat, that he had no faith in Bishop's boasted powers.

MacIntyre went on the stage, and Bishop began to act a murder scene. He stealthily approached a chair and went through the motions of wrestling with an imaginary occupant, drawing a knife across his throat and plunging it into his chest. Then, in pantomime, he opened the door of a safe and transferred the contents to his pockets. Looking backward to an imaginary figure on the floor, he hurriedly moved away. Returning, he asked MacIntyre if he had not read his thoughts correctly. "No," replied the man; but it was noticed that his face was ghastly in its pallor. He left the hall, looking over his shoulder as if afraid of being followed. The same night he was seen intoxicated, and while in his cups he mumbled about something having been "discovered." The next day he left Providence, remarking at the depot that he was going to New York.

It was three months before he was heard of again, and the intelligence was startling to those who remembered the Bishop incident. Word came from Glasgow that he had surrendered himself to the police as the murderer of Banker Baker, seventeen years before, and he said the vision of his crime, recalled by the mind-reader's wonderful performance, was so realistic

as to utterly upset him, and from that moment he imagined himself pursued by some mysterious influence from which there was no escape, except in surrender and confession.

MacIntyre's sanity was questioned by the Glasgow police, but he was adjudged perfectly sane, and was sentenced to be hanged. While awaiting the day of execution, he died in his cell of apoplexy. His right name was Thomas Murray.

(From Pomeroy's Advance Thought.)

A LETTER FROM BISHOP.

The Mind-Reader Addresses the San Francisco Public Again.

EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER :

SIR :—The first duty to which I must devote the measure of strength which I have regained must be one for the requirements of which the fullest possession of all my power would be miserably inadequate. That duty, sir, for the fulfilment of which I trust you will grant me a little space in your columns, is the attempted expression of the feeling which is just now uppermost in my consciousness—I mean a feeling of abundant and overflowing tenderness and gratitude towards the almost numberless and, in many cases, unknown friends, who have ministered to me of their kindness and sympathy during my time of suffering. But a few weeks have passed since I came into the city of San Francisco, and I feel that my friends are the “whole city full.” I have been nursed and cherished and cared for, so to speak, by hundreds of these people; my bed has been environed by their friendly solicitude, and I feel impelled now to hold out my hand to them all and say, with a depth of sincerity and cordiality which it is beyond the power of my feeble utterance to convey, “I thank you.” The task of replying singly and individually to all the communications I have received on the subject of my illness is far too great for me to attempt, and I must ask every kind inquirer, each well-meaning suggestor of methods of treatment, and each of those who have offered me hospitality and nursing in their homes to accept this

public expression of my grateful recognition of their good will. Not that my poor thanks shall in this way be divided, but rather multiplied by the number of my friends, so "that every one of them may take a little." I must, however, be allowed to single out for especial testimony my two excellent friends and able physicians, Drs. Whitwell and Williams, to whose professional skill, combined with the most tender and considerate attention, it is due, humanly speaking, that I have been rescued from launching my bark upon the dark River of Death, which flows to an unknown sea. While thus putting on record my heartfelt sense of gratitude, I wish to say that not for myself alone do I express thankfulness, but on behalf of my dear mother, who will be cheered and gladdened when she hears of these spontaneous manifestations of San Franciscoan warm-heartedness, also on behalf of one other, a faithful heart, in whose native land it has been my happy fortune to find so much further reason for appreciating the high qualities of her nation and kindred. Thanks, after all, however sincerely felt and warmly expressed, are words and words only, and I shall not consider that I have illustrated the feeling I mentioned at the commencement of this letter until returning strength enables me to show that some of that feeling can be better expressed than in words; and as my sickness and suffering have called forth such kind demonstrations, so my feeble efforts shall not be wanting to alleviate the suffering of others in San Francisco when I am no longer here. I am told by the eminent physician of whom I have spoken that for some hours I was hovering between life and death. Now, sir, I am not a writer of homilies, but when a man has just been treading the pathway which leads to the valley of the shadow of death, he feels a tendency to regard with great seriousness the new lease of life which is awarded him. Remember the words of him who wrote :

Fast comes the night ; would I could bid it stay,
That with my heart and will I might retrieve
The foolish, useless past, the wasted days—
That I some work accomplished yet might leave.

He feels more and more the need of contributing something

that shall be of value to those around him and to derive for them and for himself the moral of the proverb. "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true ;
Golden years are fleeing by,
Youth is passing too ;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day ;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while life shall last ;
The mill will never grind again
With water that is past.

When a man gets quoting poetry in a letter to a newspaper editor it is time for him to bring that letter to a close, and therefore I sign myself, your most obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP,
845 Sutter Street.

San Francisco, Oct. 26, 1887.

The managers of the benefit given last week state that there will be nearly eight hundred dollars to turn over to the Woman's Hospital, the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society and the Children's Hospital. To this sum, it is rumored, Mr. Bishop will add \$500, for the purpose of establishing three endowed cots. These cots will be named respectively Eugenia, Georgia Eleanor and Antoinette.

Mr. Bishop has established cots in this manner all over Europe. In Russia especially he endowed beds in the seamen's, students', and other hospitals. His kindly act so attracted the Czar that his Imperial Highness endowed a cot in the new hospital established to commemorate the assassination of Alexander II, and placed on the wall Bishop's name in golden letters. This bed is endowed to any American who may happen to be ill in St. Petersburg.

THE ENIGMA OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MASTER OF MYSTERIES.

SIR WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP,

*The Original and World-renowned Demonstrator of
the Phenomenal Power of*THOUGHT-READING.

The extraordinary interest created in the public mind throughout Europe and the United States by Mr. Bishop's discovery and illustration of the marvelous power of thought-reading, and the magnificent and altogether unprecedented receptions accorded to him by the sovereigns to whose courts he has been invited, testify to the value and importance of his work, and place him in a unique position among the foremost scientific investigators. Since 1869, when Mr. Bishop first evidenced the possession of the peculiar gift, which in earlier times would probably have brought him to the stake for witchcraft, and which is now regarded with wonder and amazement by one-half of the world and with incredulity by the other, he has successfully penetrated the secrets of monarchs, diplomats, statesmen, and the most distinguished in the scientific and philosophic world.

Among the thousands of illustrious personages under whose especial patronage Mr. Bishop has pursued his researches into the little-known science of the human mind, may be instanced the following:—

Their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of all the Russias. His Imperial Majesty, the Shah of Persia. Their Majesties, the King and Queen of Sweden and Norway. Their Majesties, the King and Queen of Greece; Their Majesties, the

King and Queen of Roumania. Their Majesties, the Prince and Princess of Wales. Also the faculties of the Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, hundreds of members of both houses of Parliament, and the members of the various diplomatic corps, representing the countries of the old and new worlds.

Mystery for the mystics ! Science for the scientists ! Unbounded entertainment for all !

TRANSMISSION OF MELODY FROM MIND TO MIND.

Demonstrated before the Russian Court.

The Empress of Russia was desirous, on the occasion of Mr. Bishop's visit, by imperial command, to the palace of Gatchina, to impose a test of a novel and crucial character upon Bishop's thought-reading powers. Her Imperial Majesty suggested to the Minister of the Court, His Excellency General Richter, who is an accomplished musician, that he should think of a melody which Her Majesty named to him, and see if Bishop's peculiar ability enabled him to reproduce the theme. Bishop's success was instantaneous and complete, and in the official report provided by His Excellency for publication in the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, General Richter states that the most beautiful experiment before Their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, was Mr. Bishop playing in a musician-like manner on a piano the melody which the Empress had secretly suggested to him.

SEALED WRITINGS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES DECIPHERED AND TRANSCRIBED.

That the exercise of Mr. Bishop's powers is not confined to reading the thoughts of those who think in and speak languages with which he is familiar has been frequently manifested, and notably in several cases where the characters, written and printed, differed widely from the English characters—such as

Persian, Russian, Hebrew, Hindostan, Greek and Erse. A successful experiment, consisting of the reproduction of a word in the Persian character, was made by Bishop with His Excellency Prince Malcom Kahn, Persian Ambassador at the Court of St. James; in the Russian language with Her Majesty the Queen of Greece, and Gregorovitch, the Charles Dickens of the Russian people; in Hebrew, Greek and Hindostan, with several well-known University Professors of these languages; and Mr. Bishop on one occasion aroused a large Dublin audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm when experimenting with the Professor of the Erse language at Trinity College, Dublin, by correctly writing in the Erse characters the word "failthe," meaning "welcome," that being the word which the Professor had thought of.

MR. BISHOP IN MEXICO AND CUBA.

GRAND TEATRO DE TACON.

Havana, October 26th, 1888.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

It affords me the greatest pleasure to certify, that Commander Washington Irving Bishop's marvelous experiments in mind reading, given under the management of Messrs. Isidor Pastor & Co., in the Teatro Nacional, City of Mexico, and other capitals of the Republic, as well as in the historic Grand Teatro de Tacon, Havana, (one of the largest theatres in the world), created the most profound sensation and met with a phenomenal success not exceeded in the same theatres by Adelina Patti or Sara Bernhardt. Mr. Bishop had the distinguished honor of being entertained by His Excellency, General Sabas Marin, the Governor General of Cuba.

Notwithstanding the prices of admission to Mr. Bishop's entertainments were the same as charged by the Grand Italian Opera Companies, the theatres were filled to their utmost capac-

ity, and the press was unanimous in its eulogistic comments regarding his inexplicable powers.

FRANCISCO PEREZ DE AGUIAR,
*Manager for Isador Pastor & Co.,
 Proprietors Teatro Nacional,
 City of Mexico.*

ENDEARING NAMES REVEALED.

ACCOMPLISHED WITH HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE EMPRESS OF
 RUSSIA, AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE
 PRINCESS OF WALES.

The familiar names of endearment by which members of the same family are accustomed to address one another are usually regarded as sacred to the family itself; and the discovery of such affectionate appellations constitutes as accurate a test as can be desired of the psychological phenomena with which Mr. Washington Irving Bishop's name will always be associated. The accomplishment of this was attained by Mr. Bishop in a most interesting experiment, with H. R. H., the Princess of Wales. The Princess was asked by Mr. Bishop, in the House of the Duchess of Manchester, in London, to fix her mind on the name of one dear to her, and Bishop at once said the name was "Minnie," which H. R. H. said was correct, it being the pet name of her sister, the Princess Dagmar, of Denmark, now Empress of Russia. By a peculiar coincidence, four years later, in the imperial palace of Gatchina, Bishop essayed a similar experiment with the Empress of Russia, and the name which Bishop declared to be the one thought of, and which the Empress confirmed, was "Alex," that being the familiar appellation of her sister, the Princess of Wales.

MENTAL PICTURES SEEN AND DELINEATED.

No stronger evidence of Mr. Bishop's power to make known what is present in the mind of another could be given or required than the signal success with which he has repeat-

edly drawn a picture of the person or object upon which the thoughts of his subject were concentrated. The complete accuracy with which this can be accomplished was triumphantly exemplified by Bishop several times when in Russia. On one occasion, before six thousand people in the Salon de Noblesse, Moscow, experimenting with a distinguished Russian painter, Bishop drew a marvelously truthful portrait of Tourgenieff, the famous Russian poet and novelist, then recently dead. The wonder excited was so great that all the people present insisted on a close inspection of the drawing, and Bishop was asked for no further proof of his powers on that occasion. At another time, Bishop met Svitchkoff, the distinguished court painter, at the headquarters of the Emperor's Huzzar body-guard. Bishop asked Svitchkoff to fix his mind on the lineaments of a face, and directly produced a likeness of the late Emperor Nicholas, including even the details of his general's uniform. Subsequently, Bishop was entertained by the officers of the splendid and celebrated Chevalier Guard Regiment, which is the immediate guard of the person of the Empress, and is officered entirely by royal princes and nobleman.

On this occasion an incident took place of a most curious and interesting character. Mr. Bishop was asked by one of the royal princes to sketch a portrait which he had in his mind, and Bishop thereupon produced a wonderfully accurate portrait of the celebrated Empress Catherine II., which he supplemented by appending thereto a fac-simile of her imperial signature. The servants, who had previously heard of the extraordinary things done by Bishop, and had concluded that he had achieved them by the aid of evil spirits, became greatly excited, and were afraid to come into the room and go about their duties. Another officer, however, asked Mr. Bishop to reproduce what was in his mind. When Bishop's blindfold was removed, the servants were standing around with their fears of diabolical agency entirely removed, and were gazing with reverence on the Sacred Cross of the Greek Church with beams of light radiating from it, the officer having chosen this plan to banish the superstitious fears of the attendants. The officers of the regiment presented Mr. Bishop with a splendid service of plate as a memento of

his visit, this forming one of the numerous magnificent souvenirs which Mr. Bishop received from the members of the Russian Court, and which the Russian press stated had only been equaled in richness by those given to that wonderful artist, Madame Patti.

REAL AND IMAGINARY SUFFERINGS LOCALIZED, ILLUSTRATED
WITH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE OF WALES, K. G.

The nature of this experiment has caused great interest and curiosity in medical circles; and there can be no doubt that as the power of thought-reading becomes better understood, and more widely practiced, it will be used for discovering the seat of a disorder in patients who are unable to describe their own sufferings. Mr. Bishop, when giving a reception to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, at Keats' House, Chelsea, on the day of the Oaks, in 1881, pointed out the exact spot on the foot in which the pain was located, from which His Royal Highness was suffering. The Prince, who had just returned from Epsom, and had been walking more than usual, pronounced this to be correct. And Mr. Bishop subsequently declared that the subject of the Prince's thoughts was the winner of the Derby, (Bend Or,) which His Royal Highness also acknowledged to be the fact. With His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Albany, Mr. Bishop was peculiarly successful in indicating the locality of the neuralgic and other pains from which His Royal Highness frequently suffered.

A MURDER TABLEAU, AS RE-ENACTED WITH THE RUSSIAN
IMPERIAL FAMILY.

During Mr. Bishop's stay in St. Petersburg, a trial for murder was proceeding in the courts, which was attended by most mysterious circumstances, and was a theme of general conversation. When Mr. Bishop had the honor to receive the commands of His Imperial Majesty, the Czar, to attend at the Palace of Gatchina, he was asked if his power of thought-read-

ing had ever been used in the detection of crime. Mr. Bishop replied that the time was approaching when it would be so used, and asked the Imperial party to enact the scene of a supposed murder, during his retirement from the apartment. Mr. Bishop retired, and the Grand Duke Constantine-Constantinovich then took a dagger from the girdle of one of the Cossacks forming the Imperial Guard, and went through the motion of inflicting a wound upon the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, Princess of Hesse, and daughter of the late Princess Alice, of England, after which he concealed the poinard. Mr. Bishop then re-entered the room blindfold, and having stood for a few moments by the side of the supposed murderer, got a complete mental picture of the events which had occurred during his absence, seized the hidden weapon, and repeated the actions of the Grand Duke in the most minute details, thrilling with wonder the Imperial party, and terrifying the superstitious Cossack soldiers, who believed Mr. Bishop's power to be the result of some unholy alliance with the other world. It may be mentioned in this connection that it was the witnessing of an experiment similar to this just described which suggested to Mr. Hugh Conway the most powerful scene in his now world-famous novel, "Called Back," namely, the revelation of the incidents of a murder by thought-transference.

OPINIONS OF LONDON AND PROVINCIAL PAPERS.

Articles from which the following quotations are made are columns in length; but the limit of these pages will only admit of brief extracts:

In a leading article on Mr. W. Irving Bishop's extraordinary power of thought-reading, the London *Daily Telegraph* says: "Mr. Bishop came recommended by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, who has closely investigated mental phenomena, and is certainly not a credulous person. Dr. Carpenter wrote: 'The

experiments you were good enough to show me at my own house some time ago, Professor Huxley also being present, satisfied us, as I know they had previously satisfied a number of the professors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, of your remarkable power of thought-reading.' With Mr. Bishop's art extended we should all have windows in our breasts, and spies could peep into our open hearts." The same paper, in an article commenting on Mr. Bisop, published a few days later, says, "The young American psychologist demonstrated with striking effect his natural power of thought-reading. . . . The display of thought-reading certainly confirmed all that Dr. Carpenter has said on the subject in his recent letter."

The London *Standard*, in one of its leading articles, says: "Mr. Bishop, as we have said, has never called himself a thought-reader. As if to elude attacks of all kinds, but more probably with the view of encouraging each observer to furnish his own explanation of the phenomenon presented, he has not given himself a name. He makes no pretence either of acting in opposition to nature's laws or of transcending them. He claims to be fully in harmony with them—to be acting in virtue of them. The whole conditions under which Mr. Bishop works have yet to be studied."

The London *Daily News*, in an editorial article, says: "Dr. Carpenter and Professor Huxley, not the men to be readily deceived by plausible charlatans, are convinced that Bishop's attempts to advance knowledge are honest and genuine."

From the London *Lancet*: "There can be no question that, so far as Mr. Bishop is concerned, the demonstration was perfectly genuine, and free from any suspicion of trickery."

Regarding Mr. Bishop's exposure of pretended miracles, in a report nearly a column long, the *Manchester Guardian* has this to say: "Mr. Bishop fulfilled his promise to disclose to his audience the key to the whole wonder." It thus concludes a notice of his thought-reading experiment: "In whatever light they may be regarded, these manifestations undoubtedly feed a much higher curiosity than that of the Seers of the ordinary feats of conjuring and apparent magic."

From the *Manchester Courier* the following was taken : " It is not in any sense an exaggeration to describe Mr. Bishop's entertainment as one of the most wonderful and perplexing which has ever been presented in that building (large Free Trade hall), where so many performances, and of such varying kinds, have in times past delighted numerous audiences."

The following appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* : " The enthusiasm and excitement created by Mr. Bishop are without parallel, during the last quarter of a century." Referring to Mr. Bishop's triumph in proving his power to read, whilst blind-folded, the number of a bank note, known only to the owner, the article continues, " This crowning effort of the evening's wonders elicited a burst of enthusiastic applause which has rarely been heard inside the Philharmonic Hall."

The *Scotsman* says : " The audience cheered immensely, as they witnessed Mr. Bishop's determined effort crowned with success. Professor Gairdner took the liberty of proposing a hearty vote of thanks to Bishop for his exhibition. He considered Mr. Bishop had put the country under an obligation to him."

Washington Irving Bishop has achieved the highest success ever gained by any celebrity who has appeared in Great Britain during the past quarter of a century. Not even such universal favorites as Jenny Lind, Charles Dickens, Rubenstein, Adelina Patti, Christine Neilson, or Sims Reeves, have created so great a sensation, or have had to refuse admission to such large numbers. Controversies in the leading journals, amounting to pages of matter, also prove the absorbing interest of his experiments. Over half a million persons witnessed and enthusiastically endorsed Mr. Bishop's extraordinary scientific essays, during his recent visit to the provinces.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Mr. W. Irving Bishop will endeavor, as challenged in *Truth*, by Henry Labouchere, Esq., M.P., for the sum of £1000, to read the number of a bank note concealed in any manner and known only to the owner. The £1000, if won by Mr. Bishop, to be presented to the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, as well as the entire proceeds of the seance.

[TO LOVERS OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.—Sir Washington Irving Bishop *won* the £1000, and ordered it paid to the Victoria Hospital, but the editor of *Truth* (Henry Labouchere) has not had the honor to pay the justly earned £1000 over to the hospital authorities. Yet this Labouchere is a member of the English Parliament. He was recently suspended.]

SEANCE EXTRAORDINAIRE,

AT ST. JAMES' GREAT HALL, PICCADILLY,

Tuesday Evening, 12th June, 1883, 8.15 o'clock.

The Entire Proceeds in Aid of the

Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea

PATRONESS: H. R. R., The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

W. IRVING BISHOP, Esq.,

THE

EMINENT THOUGHT-READER,

Who has had the distinguished honor of exemplifying his wondrous gift of "thought-reading"—by personal and private invitation—with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, has generously volunteered to give, as above, under the special and most distinguished patronage of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh; Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and

Strathearne; Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Albany; Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Teck; Vice-Admiral His Serene Highness the Count Gleichen; Their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort; Their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Manchester; The Right Hon. The Earl of Shaftesbury; The Right Hon. The Earl of Kenmare; The Right Hon. The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres; The Right Hon. Earl Lytton, G.C.B., G. C. S. I.; His Excellency Mons. Charles Tissot, the French Ambassador; The Hon. J. Russell Lowell, United States Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary; the Marchioness of Downshire, Marchioness of Hamilton, Countess of Kenmare, Countess of Sefton, Countess of Wharnccliffe, Countess of Wilton, Countess of Aberdeen, Countess of Effingham, Countess of Breadalbane, Countess of Morley, Dowager Countess of Aylesford, Viscountess Folkestone, Louisa Lady Ashburton, Dowager Lady Henniker, Lady Harriet Ashley, Lady Carrington; Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, M. A., Hon. Percy Wyndham, M. P., Sir Curtis Lampson, Bart., Lady Lampson, Lady Stafford Northcote, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, new illustrations of his extraordinary power of reading unuttered thoughts.

OPEN LETTER TO HENRY LABOUCHERE, Esq., M.P.

Editor and Proprietor of "Truth."

THE LANGHAM HOTEL, May 14, 1883.

SIR:—Two years ago, if I may take opinions published in your journal for my guide, you considered me not only "the reverse of a quack," but, referring to my exemplifications of a power which had been named thought-reading by that eminent physiologist, Dr. Carpenter, insisted in *Truth* that "the facts are not denied; and I must request science to explain them, or to avow them inexplicable." Why then, Sir Champion of *Truth*, have you turned about, and, daubing your mirror with vitriol, endeavored to cast discredit upon me?

Now you are at pains to sentence me to the company of imposters. Behold then, *Truth* claiming that black is white, and anon, that white is black!

One is puzzled at this counterfeit paradox, until it is understood that, not until I was unfortunate enough to publicly condemn your method of converting skeletons of English homes into spicy literary *entrees*, for the gratification of morbid appetites, and could not admire the creator of a journalism of sneer and scandal, did you undergo this sudden change of opinion.

Since then your graceful pen has not ceased to relieve your chagrin by sneer, satire and declamation, at my expense.

Failing by these to disturb my equanimity, in a moment of ill-advised exultation, you chose to give weight to your dictum by backing your opinion with money—a proceeding which, no doubt, has secured you cheap *kudos* from foolish plungers, who may subscribe to your journal.

Your challenge, which *I distinctly accept*, is as follows:—“Mr. Bishop is the citizen of a country where, when a person asserts a belief in his being able to do something improbable, he is met with the practical reply, How many dollars do you believe in it? This is precisely the question that I have asked him. I believe £1000 that he cannot reveal, by any process of thought-reading, the number of a bank note enclosed in an envelope; he evidently does not believe £100 that he can.”

I have accepted your challenge over and over again, and you have evaded me by quibbles, amongst which the following will serve as an example:—“As I have no desire to minister to Mr. Bishop’s exchequer, I should insist that any money taken at the door, from those anxious to witness the test, be given to a charity.”

Had I penned such a paragraph as this, requesting you to bestow on some charity the week’s profit of *Truth*, because, forsooth, we argued a dispute in its columns, you would have just grounds for doubting my sanity.

Although I considered it ridiculous to have my sincerity tested by the amount of money I chose to venture upon the proving of it, yet I agreed to your proposition, provided that the victor should devote his winnings to charity.

By good fortune I am able to comply with even your above quoted unjust request.

I have come specially to London to meet you. I have acceded to every stipulation your wary pen has made; and, since you need no longer rest under the apprehension that I shall enrich myself at the expense of Henry Labouchere, I challenge you to meet me on the platform of the St. James' Great Hall, at eight o'clock, on Tuesday, June 12th. I give an illustration of my powers on that evening, for the benefit of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea; and I am prepared to place One Hundred Pounds in the hands of the Chairman, and let the public judge whether your articles respecting me are justified by fact.

The Committee, from whom you will select one to be the repository of your secret, will be of such a quality that no one will dare to hint at the possibility of fraud or collusion.

As it is my intention to shortly discontinue my public life in order to resume my investigations of the mysteries of the East, this may be the last opportunity offered you to prove that you have, as you repeatedly allege, the courage of your convictions.

Your obedient servant,

W. IRVING BISHOP.

TO HENRY LABOUCHERE, ESQ., M.P.

Truth Office, 10 Bolt Court, Fleet St., E.C.

The following correspondence, in which the English public are interested, carries with it its own explanation:—

VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,
QUEEN'S ROAD, CHELSEA,

May 12th, 1883.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to inform you that the Committee of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, have heartily accepted your munificent offer to give a public exemplification of your marvellous powers of thought-reading, at the St. James' Great Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 12th, the entire proceeds

of which shall be devoted to the benefit of said Hospital. I feel sure that, owing to the great interest taken by the public in your scientific investigations, and the charitable object of your services on this occasion, a reception awaits you which will prove equally, if not more, enthusiastic than those which have greeted your former public efforts in the cause of charity.

Thanking you, on behalf of the Committee, for your generous offer and kind sympathy,

I am, very truly yours,

W. C. BLOUNT, *Secretary*,

Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea.

W. IRVING BISHOP, ESQ.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL, PORTLAND PLACE,

May 14th, 1883.

DEAR SIR:—Your notification that the Committee of Management have accepted my services for the benefit of the Victoria Hospital for Children affords me much pleasure. Those who have visited your hospital, and witnessed the love and womanly gentleness bestowed on suffering little ones—whether to lead them tenderly back to health, or, if it be God's will, to lighten their burden on the brink of that great river which flows on to the ocean of eternal peace—will not fail to recall the speech of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of your Festival Dinner, in 1882, when, pleading the cause of the Victoria Hospital, His Royal Highness remarked: "Thirty years ago there was no hospital for children at all, and, although there are many now, I feel sure that the Victoria Hospital, which is situated in the midst of an immensely populated district of Chelsea, is one of the most necessary and important."

Receive the assurance of my heartiest sympathy with you in your noble work, and believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,

W. IRVING BISHOP.

CAPTAIN W. C. BLOUNT, R.N.

Secretary, Victoria Hospital for Children,
Queen's Road, Chelsea.

"DOCTOR" FRANK FERGUSON,

(The Ex-Shoemaker.)

Extract from the *Philadelphia Press* of March 25th, 1890 :
"The coupling of Dr. Frank Ferguson and Miss Armour affords some interesting facts. Dr. Ferguson is about 35 years of age. He came to this country from Scotland at the age of twenty, and the Scotch accent is still perceptible in his speech. He went to work in this city as a shoemaker, and began to carve out his own fortune with a shoe knife, but changed the implement to a surgeon's scalpel. Ferguson obtained work in St. Luke's Hospital, his duties being mixedly those of a janitor and of a custodian of the anatomical department.

"Dr. Frank Ferguson is the party who sawed off the top of Sir Washington Irving Bishop's head, about a year ago, in order to supply his brain to the physicians, before the requisite order had been given by a coroner. This was a breakage of the law, which forbids any post mortem examination without formal authority. Bishop's mother, through her great perseverance, undertook to prove that her son was not dead at the time of Ferguson's operation, and the evidence was sufficient to induce a grand jury to indict Dr. Ferguson, and the other surgeons at whose order he had made the autopsy. Within a month after this occurrence, Ferguson repeated the offence, and was promptly arrested. Whether he will be punished remains to be seen, but his acts have at least led to a reformation in the matter of hasty dissections. Mr. Bishop himself, having been subject to cataleptic fits resembling death, dreaded that he might be buried alive."

The wedding of the ex-shoemaker, "Doctor" Ferguson, of Scotland, and Miss Armour, of Chicago, is set for next September.

IMPORTANT APPEAL TO MY PATIENT AND GENEROUS READERS.

Can it be possible that the ex-shoemaker, "Doctor" Frank Ferguson practices medicine and surgery, without having passed through a full course of study, and without a diploma? Such

I believe to be the case. A monster-like that has dared to deprive me of my noble, idolized and devoted child, Washington Irving Bishop, (all I had to love in this wide, wide world,) by carving him up while he was in one of his usual trances—and also by stealing parts of his sacred and pure body—without any authority, thereby insulting the laws of America, which have enriched him. This ex-shoemaker “doctor” seems to have fascinated one of Liberty’s fair daughters. Surely, the spirits of those whom the “shoemaker’s” knife has severed from their poor helpless bodies will appear, and haunt the bridal chamber of the intended groom.

I implore the philanthropic public to hasten and help me, financially, so that I can complete the punishment of the inhuman and heartless butchers—Irwin, Ferguson and Hance—and thereby purify this glorious country, by sending the three “Jack-the-Rippers” to the gallows, or to Sing Sing for life—as their cruelty to my gentle and generous son has outrivaled the Whitechapel arch fiend of London, England.

Praying you will respond immediately, and thus help to secure the safety of yourselves and dear ones, I am your obedient servant, and the heart-broken, widowed, childless and lonely mother,

ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP, *C/O*

No. 2137 Uber Place,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr H. V. Ganpp

833. Dekalb Avenue

Brooklyn, New York

P. S.—The Life of Sir Washington Irving Bishop, (Second Sight), and the mother’s own autobiography, will soon be completed and ready for the public.

LETTER FROM MISS CLARA BARTON.

The following letter was received from Miss Clara Barton, President of the American National Red Cross Association, in answer to a letter sent by her friend, Madame Eleanor Fletcher Bishop, in which Mrs. Bishop requested Miss Barton to send her one of the orphaned children to adopt. Madame Bishop also offered to give several benefits in aid of the victims of the great Johnstown Flood—then in her power to give, but since swept away. Miss Barton writes :

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 17, 1889.

MRS. ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP,

2137-39 Uber Place, Philadelphia.

My Dear, Dear Mrs. Bishop.—Alas ! how long it is since your heart-broken letter came to me, down in the sands and wrecks, where all hearts were breaking. I was too hurt, astonished and benumbed, by what I had heard of your terrible loss, to be able to say anything in return. Your letter has lain at my hand, always in sight, through all the changeful, weary months, till now. I am still no less astonished that the perpetrators of such deeds (Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and Hance) go free, and are yet at liberty, walking and doing among other men ; and still more, other men still trusting their lives in these doctors' hands, as is no doubt the case. How strange a power is human law ! How easily it can find a way to forgive ! For how little it can punish ! With what jealous care one guards a little property—*mere trash* ; how careful to whom entrusted ; and how reckless of life itself,

confidently risking it in the hands of those whose record would not guarantee them for the safe return of a dime, or the life of a cat.

I fear all has been sustained against your best endeavors at redress, of any kind, but no law could come in to sustain you under the crushing woe you must bear alone. But in that day when all are heard, and in that court where justice is done to all, you will be heard; the "beautiful head" will be whole; and the true, loving "heart" of the son will be with his mother, and all will be made plain.

There were, in Johnstown, no children to be adopted. Many were lost, but those that were saved were wanted by the bereaved hearts there. We have been home from there something over a month. We left all progressing to a better state of things. The town will come back to its old-time life, and even its great woe will soon pass into history, and be with the things of the past.

I am by no means certain that this will find you, for it does not seem natural to me to address you outside of New York, but still I will send this to the Philadelphia address, given in your letter of June.

Good-hearted and generous child, but "born to trouble." I do hope all your plans will succeed, and that your friends are loyal and loving, as you need them in these days of trial. Among them will you keep

Yours affectionately,

CLARA BARTON.

IN CONCLUSION.

May I ask the public their opinion of all these doctors? The *World* has justly named one of them "a scientific Jack-the-Ripper," for carving up Washington Irving Bishop and young Frederick Doty—two only children. Therefore, I implore you to send me financial aid, to enable me to send all such brutal butchers to prison, or the gallows. For unless we teach such monsters that we are God's free children—and not their slaves—they will continue their diabolical work. You or I may be their next victim.

My angel boy has now been dead several months, and instead of time soothing my grief it becomes more intense, as I am gradually recovering from the terrible shock I received, when informed of my son's death. All I had to love in this wide, wide world had been taken from me. As I knelt beside his grave last Sunday, weeping over the few remains the brutal thieves had left of my darling, I renewed my vow before my Master on High, to devote my life to dragging his butchers to the feet of justice; and also in endeavoring to secure legislation that will prevent a repetition of such unpardonable outrages. I feel assured that every man, woman and child will interest themselves in my sad case, and in the cause of LIBERTY!!

Liberty to own our children, dead or alive.

Liberty to bury them, when we are sure that they are dead.

Liberty for them and ourselves to fall insensible, without being cut up alive.

Liberty to be taken to a hospital, and rest there quietly until our friends, or the authorities, are communicated with.

Liberty to prevent coroners from cutting up our bodies, sawing our heads in two, and chopping our hearts into pieces, until there is positive evidence of death.

Liberty to punish all monsters, who dare put a knife or a saw into the sacred remains of our beloved ones, without our written consent, and not even then, unless the said consent is approved of by a jury of twelve mothers and fathers.

Alas! words are useless. We must act! "Jack-the-Ripper" Ferguson still continues his butchery— notwithstanding that he has been indicted with his fellow-criminals, Irwin and Hance, by the Grand Jury in New York, for the outrage upon my idolized and only son—thereby showing perfect contempt for the Grand Jury and Honorable Judge Cowing. Let me ask, is it for such protection that our dear ones went forth to sacrifice their lives in this country's cause?

Which of your children could you resign to Dr. Ferguson, and permit him to rip it open and take out the pure heart (whose every throb was filled with love for you alone), and cut it up; and then saw the fair white brow and head in two, and take out the brain, leaving you only an empty skull? That is what they did with my devoted, generous and loving boy.

Oh! in the name of all you love, and in remembrance of all my son's charities, do all in your power to help bring my angel boy's butchers to justice, and you will ever have the prayers of his lonely and broken-hearted mother.

ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP,
C/o Dr H. V. Gaupp - Nos. 2137-39 Uber Place,
833. DeKalb Avenue - Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.
Brooklyn - New York
Amen

ADDENDA.

(From the Philadelphia Press, June 15, 1890.)

MY GOD, THE GIRL'S ALIVE!

*An Account of a Grisly Happening in the New York Hospital—
What followed a Knife Thrust into the Supposed Corpse of a
Girl sent from the New York Morgue for the Purpose of Sci-
entific Dissection.*

Through the connivance of undertakers, who are well paid for being blind, the body of almost every one who dies in a public hospital in New York, is mutilated in a most horrible manner in the name of science, before the corpse is turned over to the friends for burial. The face is left intact, and the undertaker takes good care that only this part of the body is seen by friends and relatives, after it is taken from the dead house. If the history of this place could be written it would make a startling page full of dark and terrible deeds, that would place even some of the brightest names in the medical profession in an entirely different light than they now occupy in the public estimation. The presiding elder of the dead house is Captain Jack Donolan, and he knows it all and keeps his mouth shut. It is here that human bodies are stood up, weighed and inspected, and sold like cattle for dissecting purposes, the price being regulated by the value of the corpse as an anatomical specimen.

A CALL TO "WARD 9."

Captain Donolan is a careful and prudent man, and he does not send away the wrong body for burial more than once a day. The men who work for him are convalescents, and they are simply dummies, who try to do as they are told in a purely mechanical way, and usually without succeeding. A few nights

ago, shortly after midnight, while Captain Jack was lazily lounging in the office, there came a sharp whistle at the speaking tube, and one of the nurses told the Captain that a patient had just died in "ward 9." This is the private ward for patients who pay for medical treatment, and they usually receive better care before and after death than the others. The Captain was suffering from ennui or some other form of spirituous depression, and instead of responding to the call, as it was his duty to do, he sent the night guard, consisting of four men, to get the body and take it to the dead house. Up stairs they went with the lock step they were all familiar with, each one having a hold of the arm of the "cage." This is a large wooden box, one side of which is hinged. The open side of the "cage" is turned toward the bed when it is in use, and the dead body is rolled into it.

When the orderlies (this is sarcasm) reached "ward 9" the nurse was busy, and the leader asked where the body was. "*Number 16,*" the nurse answered. All patients are known by the number of the cot they occupy. Through the faint light in the room, which barely served to show the outlines of the bodies of the patients on the cots, the men marched to the given number, or at least the one they took for it, and they were not particular. The door of the "cage" was opened and the body of a beautiful girl, about 20 years old, was rolled into the box with as much ceremony and feeling as would have been shown for a yellow dog. The corpse carriers picked up the box and shambled away to

THE DEAD HOUSE.

The patient who had died was a most interesting case, from a medical standpoint. It was a girl who had been suffering from an organic disease of the heart from birth, and of all the specialists who had examined her not one of them had been able to determine the nature of the lesion. The heart gave out sounds that were not mentioned in the books. The only way to find out what was the matter with the organ was to hold an autopsy. The law requires that a body must have been dead 24 hours, and the consent of the relatives and friends obtained before it can be cut up; but doctors do not pay attention

to such little things as these when searching for scientific knowledge, and a willing undertaker is at hand. It was expected the girl would die some time during the night, and Dr. Elias, the well known pathologist, was within easy call with knife and saw, ready to begin the butchery as soon as the breath had left the patient's body, or sooner if there was any occasion for it.

The house staff of the hospital was called up to witness the autopsy, and in *less than half an hour* from the time the death was reported, Dr. Elias and his assistants, and other spectators, stood by the side of a shallow pewter trough on which the body of the girl was lying. The outlines of the body, though rather frail, were exquisitely formed, and in the flickering gas-light looked like the polished handiwork in marble of one of the old masters. The only thing of interest to the physicians was the heart, and they did not care for any of the other organs. The first incision was, for this reason, a deep one and made without regard to the internal injury. The only object was to get into the chest as speedily as possible. Dr. Elias smoothed the skin and plunged the knife into the body just below the breast bone and gave an upward rip. In a second there came a prolonged and unearthly yell, and the forty corpses in the morgue seemed to turn over in their narrow pine boxes for sympathy. The corpse sat bolt upright in the trough, repeated the yell and then fell back unconscious.

“MY GOD, THE GIRL'S ALIVE!”

Dr. Elias dropped his knife as if it were a murderous weapon, and the sweat stood in great beads upon his capacious forehead. The other doctors, though used to horrible sights, could not stand this, and their shaking knees, thumping hearts and flushed faces told of their agitation.

“My God, the girl is alive!” exclaimed Dr. Elias, when he recovered from his surprise and listened to the heart beats. It was a terrible moment for them all, as *murder* was stamped over the whole proceedings. There was no time to be lost with tears and sentiment, or the girl would soon be a corpse in reality from internal hemorrhage. The surgeon enlarged the ab-

dominal incision downward, removed nearly all the intestines, and several blood clots. Six slits had been made in the intestines, and these were sewed up, together with a cut in the stomach. The pancreatic artery was severed, and this was found, after a long search, and tied. After the abdominal cavity had been flushed with an antiseptic solution the intestines were returned to the body, the wound in the abdomen was stitched, and the girl was taken as speedily and quietly as possible back to her cot.

A terrible mistake had been made. The orderlies, who were unable to read, had taken the body of the girl adjoining the dead girl's cot. The dead body was removed before the patients were aware of what had occurred, and the whole matter was hushed up, it was thought, but there is always a leak.

The girl who was operated upon is Margaret Sinclair. She had been afflicted for several years with hysterio-epilepsy. During the attacks, after the convulsions would cease, she would lay for hours in an unconscious condition, with no signs of life. She was in this condition when taken to the dead house, and might easily have been mistaken for a corpse. She is still in a dangerous condition from the effect of the terrible stab in the abdomen.

[She died a few days afterwards, so I was informed.]

Important to All who wish their Loved Ones to Die
a Natural Death.

The following is a copy of a petition which Madame Eleanor Fletcher Bishop has had presented to all the crowned heads throughout the world, and also to the ruling powers of America. She also sent a copy to her esteemed friend, Hon. James Edwards Clarke, president of the Board of Education in Washington, D. C., through whose kindness it was presented to the Fifty-first Congress, by Senator William M. Evarts, of New York :

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS—SECOND SESSION, 1891.

To the Congress of the United States of America :

GENTLEMEN :—The undersigned would respectfully petition your Honorable Body to pass an Act, that it shall be unlawful in the District of Columbia, and in the several Territories—punishable by heavy fines and imprisonment—for any physician, coroner, or any other person or persons whatsoever, to perform an autopsy upon a human body until there are sure signs of death by decomposition, as there is no other positive proof of death. Prize after prize has been offered by medical societies for a sure sign of death, but these prizes are not as yet awarded. Prominent physicians have agreed that the only true indication of death is *decomposition*, and all other signs thus far known are deceptive. Cataleptic rigidity is often mistaken for rigor mortis ; and persons have been in such trances for over thirty days, when absolutely the heart apparently did not beat, and the person to all appearances was dead. In some cases physicians have dared to cut up a human body without permission of the relatives or proper authorities, and before the natural heat had left the body, and oftentimes before life had departed.

I implore you to forbid, by law, the commission of such outrages by any person whatsoever ; also, to pass an Act where-by such monsters, although bearing the insignia of medical or

official authority, may be tried therefor and imprisoned for a term of years, and also punished by a heavy fine. I also beseech you to enact a law forbidding, under severe penalties, any undertaker, or other persons, to put on ice, or enclose in any box or coffin, a supposed dead body until sure signs of death show themselves, or decomposition shall have set in; also, to forbid any person, under any pretext whatever, to inject any fluid or powder of any kind into a human body for the purpose of embalming or preserving such body, until signs of decomposition may have been clearly manifested. Such laws should forbid the perpetration of any of the foregoing acts, either with or without the consent of the relatives of the supposed dead, and thus save present and future generations from the horror of being buried alive, or of being murdered while yet alive.

With this petition I send you a book, in which I have written particulars of the *murder* by *physicians*, while he was yet alive, of my only child. The title of this book is "Human Vivisection of Sir Washington Irving Bishop, the First and World Eminent Mind-Reader, a Worthy Mason of the 32nd Degree." After you have read this, I feel assured you will do me the honor of passing the above petitioned Act or Acts, which, while they will not restore my beloved and idolized son, will give me the consolation at least, as I kneel by the grave which holds but part of his beautiful form, that he has not been martyred in vain; but that the terrible circumstances which led to his death may, through such legislation as is urged herein, operate to protect mankind from a similar fate; and thus my irrevocable loss may become the world's gain, is the prayer of your petitioner,

ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP.

Reference
GOVERNOR JOSE' R. DE CASANOVA,
55 W. 105th St., New York, U. S. A.

Researcher's copies
Photographs and inserts

Please handle
W600 B621Pm 1889

PROPERTY OF THEIR DESCENDANTS, CALLED AT MANHATTAN, 96 Broadway, New York.

WILL, Mme. Minnie Methodt, Mrs. Stevenson (Kate Claxton), Mary King, sister of David King; Rose Merlions and family, Henrietta Irving, Thomas L. Davis, Ralph Britton, administrator, McVehon's estate, please call, send address in Connecticut, L. LANGDON NICHOLS, 228 West 11th, N. Y. ? She the mother of the stolen and vivisectioned mind reader, Sir Eminent Commander Washington Irving Bishop, 32d degree Mason, Elk, Knight Templars and philanthropist.

WANTED-Information of the present address of Charles T. L. Allen, formerly in employ of

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*E.F. Bishop's photo
Taken when her
dear son was 21—
and a happy mother
now destitute—*

*Then
a
millionaire*

*and
will be
again...
if some
one
will
rescue
me from
S. H. Randall
and
compell
him to
deliver
up my
papers
& property*



No. 21.

COPYRIGHT 1890.

My devoted and only child

WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP IN HIS TWENTY-FIRST YEAR. (No. 21.)

as my idol appeared the time he was
carved up alive - & wailing screamed
"Mother, help" as



the murderers can pretend no beautiful
head - from which they stole his beautiful
hair! & left me an empty shell -
Also! we do not own our own dear one in ^{this} ~~reputation~~

No. 22.

COPYRIGHT 1890.

SIR WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP IN HIS THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

A Worthy Mason of 32°, in perfect health on May 12th, 1889. (No. 22.)

The scar across the forehead is the
mark of the murderer's saw - & where
the undertaker glued my angel's head
together.



Copyright 1890.
No. 23.
Speak - Oh! Speak to Mother my boy - my darling.
THE HEART-BROKEN MOTHER TAKING HER FAREWELL LOOK AT HER DEVOTED SON, SIR WASHINGTON
IRVING BISHOP, AS SHE FOUND HIM ON MAY 13, 1889. (No. 23.)

My idols head fell off in the
Casket. as the sculptor attempted
to take a cast of my poor boys face.

Dear Sir

Please read
and return this
book - as it is
the last one I
have - I will
present you with
one of Earl's
books (I have five
ready for publication)
as soon as I have
means to pay publisher
Respectfully Yours -

Edmund Fletcher Bristle

Return to E. F. B. 1/6 Dr. H. V. Gump - No
833. DeKalb Avenue - Brooklyn, N.Y.
By not-claimed in 3 days -

This package - contains only a bottle
Printed 3 (has no net)



*Lost this
property of
Samuel H. Rordell*



WASHINGTON IRVING

Day, Evening, Boarding and Dramatic College

(LATE SHAKSPEAREAN.)

SCHOOL OF ACTING, ORATORY & KINDERGARTEN,

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Principal and Proprietor.

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Last year's pupils made a successful debut at the Walnut, on March 6th, and at the Academy of Music, on May 31st, 1889, in "Caste" and operas of "Il Trovatore" and "The Bohemian Girl."

WILLIAM C. FERGUSON, Vice-Principal,

HELENE A. MILLIMAN, Secretary and Treasurer,

JOHN P. BROWN, Assistant Elocutionist

and Operatic and Dramatic

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

Military Branch of the K. G. E.

OF PHILADELPHIA,

BY

MME. E. F. BISHOP'S STAR COMPANY,

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 31st, 1889.

Scenes and Gems from "Il Trovatore" and
"The Bohemian Girl."

Introducing the following eminent Prima Donnas:

MME. E. F. BISHOP and

ASSISTED BY

ANNIE McDONOUGH,
WM. F. PECK,
FRANK FRAY,
C. L. SMITH,
CHARLES J. DISTOL,
CASSIUS RAMSDELL,
J. BROMMELL,
M. C. KNABE, Jr.

HARRY A. ICKES, and Sister
LYDIA R. CHASE,
MISS MILLER,
LEILA CHASE,
D. EDNA ENO,
HELENE A. MILLIMAN,
CHRISTINE ELLSWORTH,
JOHN C. YOUNG,
AND OTHERS.

HOWARD SLEMMER,
JOHN PEOPLES,
ALVIN K. ELTON,
JESSIE BOSSART,
WM. H. MERKER,
T. M. HAINES,
FRANK C. STEWART,
SIDNEY RITCHIE,

BESSIE HENDRICKS, LEONORA
GIPSY QUEEN

GRAND GYPSY DANCE.

Music composed and dedicated to Mme. E. F. Bishop by her pupil, the
talented young Cornetist, PAUL ENO.

Elegant Costumes and beautiful Scenery and Effects.

T. W. ROBERTSON'S Best Comedy,

"Casto."

BABY D'ALROY,
HON. GEO. D'ALROY,
CAPTAIN HAWTREE,
SAMUEL GERRIDGE,
OLD ECCLES,
DIXON,
MARQUISE DE ST. MAUR,
ESTHER ECCLES,
POLLY ECCLES,

LAWRENCE BARRETT
WILLIAM F. PECK
FRANK HENDERSON
PAUL ENO
CHARLES LIPPOTT
WILLIAM H. MERKER
ALMA LOCKE
LEILA CHASE
LILLIAN DEANE

Orchestra under the direction of PROF. PAUL ENO.

Acting Manager,
Stage Manager.

MME. E. F. BISHOP
CHARLES HIGBEE

Who will loan me enough to keep life in
while I drag the minutes of my soul to
Quadrille?

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

MME. E. F. BISHOP, - - - - -

Lessee and

Grand Operatic and Dramatic Entertainment

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

Military Branch of the K. G. E.

OF PHILADELPHIA,

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LAWRENCE BARRETT
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FRANK HENDERSON
PAUL ENO
CHARLES LIPPOTT
WILLIAM H. MERKER
ALMA LOCKE
LEILA CHASE
LILLIAN DEANE

Orchestra under the direction of PRO

NO.

THIS ENTERTAINMENT IS FOR THE BENEFIT
OF THE



MILITARY BRANCH OF THE KNIGHTS
THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

*one of the many benef
I have given - when in
power - yet I am now in
want of bread.*

ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP,

Superior and Proprietor of Shakspearean College, 2137-2139 Uber Place, above-Diam

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OF THE**



**MILITARY BRANCH OF THE KNIGHTS OF
THE GOLDEN EAGLE.**

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Extract from N. Y. Herald: "Mme. Eleanor Fletcher Bishop"

